

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS AND PSALMS,
FOR
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

SELECTED AND PREPARED BY
ANDREW KIPPIS, D. D. F. R. S. AND S. A.
ABRAHAM REES, D. D. F. R. S.
THE REV. THOMAS JERVIS, AND
THE REV. THOMAS MORGAN.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Under-
standing also. 1 Corinth. xiv. 15.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1795.

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P R E F A C E.

ON the importance of Psalmody in public worship it is not necessary to enlarge. Every pious and well-regulated mind will be sensible of the obligations we are under to celebrate the praises of the Supreme Being, and of the edification and pleasure arising from such a devout exercise, when conducted in a proper manner. In this sacred employment, particular care should be taken that nothing be introduced which shall clash with the sentiments, or hurt the feelings, of any sincere Christian. This is evident from the very nature of social prayer and praise, in which it is requisite that every member of a religious assembly should be able to join; and, consequently, from which every thing of a doubtful or disputable kind ought to be removed. To the truth of these

sentiments a full testimony has been given by Dr. WATTS. In the preface to the larger edition of the Psalms, he says, "Nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgment may differ in the lesser matters of religion." The following language is likewise found in the preface to his Hymns: "The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies may assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence." That the Doctor was not himself sufficiently attentive to conform his practice to these declarations, has been felt by many an upright follower of Jesus, and is especially apparent from a number of his Hymns. In his Psalms, also, various passages occur, which have so peculiar a relation to the situation and circumstances either of David in particular, or of the Jews in general, as not to be adapted to the present state of things.

But were all the compositions of Dr. Watts perfectly unexceptionable, or entirely conformable to the ideas of every Christian, still there is no necessity for our being confined to the productions of any single person. There are many hymns by different writers,

2

which

P R E F A C E.

vii

which highly deserve to constitute a part of our religious services. Accordingly, several collections have been made of late years, in which the compositions of other pious authors have been introduced, besides those of Dr. Watts. Of these collections one only has been formed in London, and the use of it has been limited to a single congregation. The generality of the Presbyterian Societies in the metropolis and its vicinity have hitherto contented themselves solely with Dr. Watts's Psalms. Of this defect we and many Ministers have long been sensible; and therefore, in the present work, we have endeavoured to remedy the deficiency as far as lies in our power; in doing which we have not adopted any preceding collection, but have determined to make a new one for the use of ourselves, of our respective congregations, and of such other Christian assemblies as may approve of our labours. In this business we have been very diligent in seeking for assistance. And here we must acknowledge, that our principal obligations are still due to Dr. Watts, whose praise in the churches we are so far from wishing to lessen, that we have with pleasure given it a wider diffusion. Our obligations to him are the greater, as we have taken in the whole range of his devout poetry; for we have freely borrowed from his Lyric Poems and his Hymns, as well as from his Psalms. Accordingly, he has occupied much
the

the largest proportion of our volume. Next to Dr. Watts, the chief sources of our collection have been supplied by Dr. Doddridge and Mrs. Steele, the author of the poetical works published under the name of Theodosia. It will easily be supposed, that Mr. Merrick's elegant translation of the Psalms has not been forgotten. To recite particularly all the names that have contributed to our collection would extend the preface too far. A list of them shall be subjoined, from which it will appear, that we have taken a wide scope in our perusal of English poetry, in order to find out materials suited to our purpose. It will be seen that transcripts from our first poets have added to the value of the undertaking. Our pages will be found to be adorned by a Milton and a Dryden, a Pope and an Addison, a Barbauld and a Cowper. We have availed ourselves of the collections which have been made by others; and our readers will perceive that we have inserted no inconsiderable number of original compositions. The Hymns which have been selected are not always printed word for word, but have occasionally received some slight alterations. Stanzas also are sometimes omitted or transposed, as appeared best adapted to our design. This liberty we here mention once for all; and without taking it, our plan could not have been executed in the manner intended. The collection is divided into four parts, viz.

Hymns

Hymns adapted to the introductory part of worship; Hymns to be sung before sermon; Hymns suited to various subjects of discourses; and Hymns for particular circumstances and occasions. A considerable degree of convenience will be found to arise from this division, though every Minister will discern, that there is no occasion to confine himself strictly to it; since each of the three former parts may often be made use of, with the greatest propriety, in any of the portions of divine service. We have thought it best that one page should run through the whole; so that all the clerk will have to do, will be to mention the number of the hymn, and the page in which it occurs: indeed it may be sufficient barely to mention the page. On the whole, we have spared no pains in the accomplishment of our undertaking; though, at the same time, we are sensible of our not being free from errors; for which the indulgence of our readers is entreated. The charge of which we are most apprehensive is that of superfluity: but this, we trust, will be forgiven us, as it affords a greater variety of choice; and as we hope, that no hymn will appear to have been totally unworthy of being inserted. To conclude, we have sincerely endeavoured to form such a body of Hymns and Psalms, as shall contribute to the devotion, improvement,

ment, and pleasure of Christian worshippers; and we humbly recommend this our attempt to promote the honour of God, and the happiness of mankind, to the divine blessing and favour.

London,
Feb. 3. 1795.

ANDREW KIPPIS,

ABRAHAM REES,

THOMAS JERVIS,

THOMAS MORGAN.

If any considerable number of books should be wanted at a time, application may be made not only to the Booksellers, but (if thought expedient) to Dr. Kippis, Crown-street, Westminster; Dr. Rees, Hackney; Mr. Jervis, Gray's-Inn Square; and Mr. Morgan, Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields.

A LIST

A LIST of the AUTHORS and COLLECTIONS made use of in the present WORK.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Dr. Watts. | Dr. Aikin. |
| Mrs. Steele. | Dr. Bowden. |
| Dr. Doddridge. | Miss Helen M. Williams. |
| Mr. Merrick. | Miss Daye. |
| Mrs. Barbauld. | Mr. Burns. |
| Mr. Simon Browne. | Mr. Christopher Pitt. |
| Bishop Patrick. | Mr. Boyse. |
| Tate and Brady. | Mr. Fawcett. |
| Addison. | Mr. Sowden. |
| Pope. | Unknown Authors. |
| Mr. Jervis. | Oratorio of Abel. |
| Mrs. Rowe. | Oratorio of Ruth. |
| Parnell. | Oratorio of Paradise Lost. |
| Mr. Newton. | Oratorio of the Prodigal Son. |
| Mrs. Carter. | Oratorio of the Fall of |
| Blacklock. | Egypt. |
| Mr. Scott. | Gentleman's Magazine. |
| Sternhold. | Dodsley's Poems. |
| Roscommon. | Birmingham Collection. |
| Dr. Hawkesworth. | Bristol Collection. |
| Mr. G. Dyer. | Mr. Cappe's Selection. |
| Cowper. | Edinburgh Collection. |
| Dr. Cotton. | Dr. Enfield's Collection. |
| Dr. Kippis. | Exeter Collection. |
| Miss Scott. | Mr. Lindsey's Collection. |
| Mrs. Masters. | Liverpool Collection. |
| Dr. Earle. | Mr. Pope's Collection. |
| Milton. | Rouen Collection. |
| Sir Henry Wotton. | Salisbury Collection. |
| Dryden. | Select Collection of 1756. |
| Dr. Byrom. | Toplady's Collection. |
| Mr. Grove. | Mr. Walker's Collection. |
| Mrs. Tollet. | Mr. Williams's Collection. |
| Dr. Flexman. | |
| Sir John Denham. | |
| Dr. Darwin. | |

HYMNS

ERRATA

- Page 58, Hymn 73, verse 8, line 3, for *vale* read *vill*.
 p. 74, Hymn 96, verse 1, line 2, for *fills* read *fill*.
 p. 109, Line 19, for CXXXIV, read CXXXV.
 p. 112, Hymn 138, verse 1, line 2, for *king* read *Low*.
 p. 143, Hymn 177, verse 4, line 4, for *shake* read *quake*.
 p. 161, Hymn 200, verse 1, line 2, for *seas* read *sea*.
 p. 190, Hymn 248, verse 2, line 4, for *wind* read *mind*.
 p. 191, Hymn 249, verse 1, line 2, for *men* read *saints*.
 p. 202, Hymn 274, verse 1, line 3, for *chaced* read *chased*.
 p. 208, Hymn 284, verse 2, line 1, for *blessing* read *blessings*.
 p. 281, Hymn 399, verse 1, line 4, for *noble* read *nobler*.
 p. 291, Hymn 413, verse 2, line 3, for *is* read *are*.
 p. 351, Hymn 491, for *short metre* read *common metre*.
 p. 355, Hymn 498, verse 4, line 3, for *soa* read *soar*.
 p. 437, Hymn 610, verse 3, line 2, for *of day read of a day*.
 p. 445, Hymn 620, verse 2, line 4, for *my way, my home,*
 read *thy way, thy home*.
 p. 450, Hymn 628, verse 1, line 3, for *sight* read *fight*.
 p. 454, Hymn 633, verse 3, line 2, for *leaves* read *cleaves*.
 p. 469, Hymn 655, verse 2, line 4, for *Through* read *Haib*.
 p. 490, Hymn 683, verse 4, line 1, for *vain presence* read
 boasted claim.

СИМУН

ALPHABETICAL TABLE

OF

INITIAL LINES.

| A | Page |
|--|--------|
| ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind | 309 |
| Again our weekly labours end, | 8 |
| Again the Lord of life and light, | 101 |
| Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain, | 412 |
| All nature dies, and lives again: | 449 |
| All ye his works, that subject are | 200 |
| Almighty author of my frame! | 150 |
| Almighty father! gracious Lord! | 127 |
| Almighty maker, God! | 145 |
| Almighty maker, Lord of all! | 167 |
| Almighty maker of my frame | 432 |
| All-powerful, self-existent God, | 40 |
| All-seeing God! 'tis thine to know | 309 |
| Amidst the heav'nly pow'rs sublime, | 206 |
| Among the princes, earthly Gods, | 186 |
| And art thou with us, gracious Lord! | 251 |
| And can my heart aspire so high, | 232 |
| And is the gospel peace and love? | 294 |
| And will th' Eternal dwell with us? | 183 |
| And will the great eternal God | 484 |
| Are not thy mercies sov'reign still, | 407 |
| Array'd in majesty divine, | 52 |
| As the good shepherd gently leads | 124 |
| As various as the moon | 266 |
| Author of good! we rest on thee: | 217 |
| Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! | 109 |
| Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes; | 414 |
| Awake, my soul! rouse ev'ry pow'r, | 411 |
| Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve, | 424 |
| a | Awake, |

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Awake, our noblest pow'rs! to bleſs | 223 |
| Awake, our ſouls! away, our fears! | 423 |
| Awake, ye ſaints! and raiſe your eyes, | 424 |
| Awake, ye ſaints! to praiſe your king, | 12 |

B

| | |
|--|-----|
| Be ev'ry vale exalted high; | 185 |
| Be thou exalted, O my God! | 138 |
| Before thy throne, with proſtrate joy, | 150 |
| Begin, my ſoul, th' exalted lay, | 70 |
| Begin, my ſoul, the lofty ſtrain, | 60 |
| Behold, he comes! your leader comes, | 283 |
| Behold that wiſe, that perfect law, | 305 |
| Behold, the day that dawns in air, | 94 |
| Behold the grace appears, | 282 |
| Behold the gloomy vale | 446 |
| Behold, the lofty ſky | 103 |
| Behold the morning ſun, | 300 |
| Behold the path which mortals tread | 445 |
| Behold the Prince of peace, | 285 |
| Behold, where, breathing love divine, | 372 |
| Below, perpetual change appears; | 210 |
| Beſet with ſnares on ev'ry hand | 394 |
| Beyond the limits of the ſky, | 201 |
| Bleſs, O my ſoul! the living God, | 106 |
| Bleſs'd are the humble ſouls that ſee | 377 |
| Bleſs'd are the ſouls that hear and know | 184 |
| Bleſs'd are the undeſil'd in heart; | 386 |
| Bleſs'd be the everlaſting God, | 297 |
| Bleſs'd is the man who ſhuns the place | 379 |
| Bleſs'd is the man whoſe heart is kind, | 367 |
| Bleſs'd is the nation where the Lord | 254 |

C

| | |
|--|-----|
| Can creatures to perfection find | 32 |
| Celeſtial worlds, your maker's name | 69 |
| Children in years and knowledge young, | 390 |
| Come hither, all ye weary ſouls! | 293 |
| Come, let us all unite our joys, | 199 |
| Come, let us join our cheerful ſongs, | 193 |
| Come, let us ſearch our ways, and try; | 376 |
| Come! pay the worſhip God requires, | 216 |
| Come, | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

iii

| | Page |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, | 319 |
| Come, sound his praise abroad, | 16 |
| Come, thou desire of all thy saints! | 230 |
| Come, ye who love the Lord! | 400 |
| Commit thou all thy ways | 333 |
| Courage, my soul! while God is near, | 413 |

D

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Dear source of all my joys, | 231 |
| Death may dissolve my body now, | 448 |
| Deserted now the verdant fields, | 243 |
| Diseases are thy servants, Lord! | 474 |
| Do not I love thee, O my Lord? | 357 |

E

| | |
|--|-----|
| Early, my God, without delay, | 5 |
| Earth's old foundations God hath laid: | 273 |
| Eternal and immortal king! | 356 |
| Eternal God, almighty cause | 19 |
| Eternal God, how frail is man! | 439 |
| Eternal God! our humble souls | 485 |
| Eternal pow'r, almighty God, | 34 |
| Eternal pow'r! whole high abode | 22 |
| Eternal fire, enthron'd on high! | 393 |
| Eternal source of ev'ry joy! | 83 |
| Eternal source of life and light, | 214 |
| Eternal source of life and thought! | 181 |
| Eternal wisdom! thee we praise, | 72 |
| Exalt the Lord our God, | 176 |

F

| | |
|---|-----|
| Fairest of all the lights above, | 73 |
| Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss, | 422 |
| Faith is the brightest evidence | 421 |
| Far from the world, O Lord! I flee, | 397 |
| Far from these narrow scenes of night, | 461 |
| Far from thy servants, God of grace, | 366 |
| Father, ador'd in worlds above! | 213 |
| Father, and Lord of all! to thee | 204 |
| Father divine! thy piercing eye | 473 |
| Father of all! eternal mind! | 165 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Father of all ! in ev'ry age | 170 |
| Father of all ! my soul defend, | 216 |
| Father of all ! omniscient mind ! | 238 |
| Father of lights ! we sing thy name, | 152 |
| Father of men ! thy care we bless | 471 |
| Father of mercies ! God of love ! | 163 |
| Father of mercies ! in thy word | 306 |
| Firm was my health, my day was bright, | 473 |
| For ever blessed be the Lord ! | 184 |
| From all that dwell below the skies, | 189 |
| From this world's joys and senseless mirth, | 459 |
| From vocal air, and concave skies, | 67 |

G

| | |
|---|-----|
| Give thanks to God, adore his name, | 187 |
| Give thanks to God ; he reigns above : | 276 |
| Give thanks to God most high, | 112 |
| Give thanks to God, the sovereign Lord, | 113 |
| Give to the Lord, ye potentates, | 203 |
| Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame, | 143 |
| Give to our God immortal praise, | 111 |
| Glory be to God on high ; <i>Hallelujah !</i> | 147 |
| God, from his cloudy cisterns, pours | 54 |
| God in his earthly temples lays | 9 |
| God is a name my soul adores, | 35 |
| God is a spirit, just and wise, | 359 |
| God is my shepherd, who will see | 200 |
| God is our sun and shield, | 4 |
| God is the confidence and stay | 275 |
| God is the refuge of his saints | 250 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | 265 |
| God, my supporter and my hope, | 350 |
| God of eternity ! from thee | 425 |
| God of my childhood, and my youth, | 393 |
| God of my life ! through all its days, | 153 |
| God of my life ! thy constant care | 469 |
| God of my mercy and my praise, | 295 |
| God of my strength, to thee I cry ; | 9 |
| God of our lives, whose bounteous care, | 126 |
| God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice | 398 |
| God our kind master, merciful as just | 227 |
| God | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE

| | Page |
|--|----------|
| God reigns! let all the earth rejoice: | 199 |
| God reigns on high, but not confines | 27 |
| God spake the wondrous word, and lo! | 196 |
| God, to correct a guilty world, | 493 |
| God, who in various methods told | 304 |
| God, who is just and kind, | 202 |
| Good is the Lord, the heavenly king, | 82 |
| Great father of eternity! | 436 |
| Great father of mankind! | 180 |
| Great former of this various frame! | 433 |
| Great framer of unnumber'd worlds, | 492 |
| Great God! attend, while Sion sings, | 176 |
| Great God! at whose all-pow'rful call, | 86 |
| Great God! how infinite art thou! | 36 |
| Great God! how well thy truths agree! | 191 |
| Great God! if nature, weak and frail, | 213 |
| Great God! indulge my humble claim, | 4 |
| Great God! I own thy sentence just, | 450 |
| Great God! in vain man's narrow view | 19 |
| Great God! my early views to thee | 98 |
| Great God! my joyful thanks to thee | 277 |
| Great God of consolation, see | 346 |
| Great God! the heav'ns well-order'd frame, | 105 |
| Great God! thine attributes divine, | 220 |
| Great God! this sacred day of thine, | 102 |
| Great God! to thee my ev'ning song, | 92 |
| Great God! to thee my grateful tongue | 132 |
| Great God! thy peerless excellence | 358 |
| Great God! we sing that mighty hand, | 470 |
| Great God! whose universal sway | 287 |
| Great is the Lord, his works of might | 33 |
| Great is the Lord! our souls adore; | 29 |
| Great Lord of angels! we adore | 484 |
| Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies! | 131 |
| Great ruler of all nature's frame! | 222 |
| Great ruler of the earth and skies! | 496 |
| Great source of all that we enjoy, | 220 |
| Great source of life! our souls confess | 356 |
| Greatest of beings, source of life, | 160, 161 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Had not the Lord, may Britain say, | 490 |
| Hail, great Creator, wise and good! | 56 |
| Hail, source of pleasures ever new! | 373 |
| Happy is he that fears the Lord, | 368 |
| Happy is he whose early years | 390 |
| Happy the man, and he alone, | 335 |
| Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, | 375 |
| Happy the men, whom strength divine | 102 |
| Happy the soul, whose wishes climb | 381 |
| Hard and unfeeling is his heart, | 374 |
| Hark! from the tombs an awful sound! | 476 |
| Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes! | 292 |
| Hast thou not heard, hast thou not known, | 244 |
| He reigns; the Lord Jehovah reigns! | 454 |
| Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims | 447 |
| Heav'n has confirm'd the great decree; | 452 |
| Heav'nly father! God of love! | 204 |
| High as the heav'ns above the ground, | 253 |
| High in the heav'ns, eternal God! | 27 |
| Holy, holy, holy Lord, | 148 |
| Hosanna, with a cheerful sound, | 88 |
| House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, | 151 |
| How are thy servants blest, O Lord! | 135 |
| How beauteous are their feet | 184 |
| How blest is he, whose tranquil mind, | 464 |
| How blest the man, how more than blest, | 387 |
| How blest the sacred tie that binds, | 371 |
| How cheerful the field and the mead, | 70 |
| How did my heart rejoice to hear | 177 |
| How firm the saints' foundations stand, | 222 |
| How gentle God's commands! | 225 |
| How happy is he born and taught, | 387 |
| How long, O Lord! shall I complain, | 197 |
| How many are thy thoughts of love! | 31 |
| How pleasant, how divinely fair, | 1 |
| How pleasing is the scene, how sweet, | 370 |
| How rich thy favours, God of grace! | 225 |
| How rich thy gifts, almighty king! | 491 |
| How shall the young secure their hearts, | 301 |
| How should the sons of Adam's race, | 31 |
| How | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

vii
Page

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|-----|
| How still and peaceful is the grave ! | — | 446 |
| How swift the torrent rolls, | — | 444 |
| How vain a thought is bliss below ! | — | 416 |
| How vain are all things here below ! | — | 416 |
| How vain is grandeur's purple pride ! | — | 212 |
| How vast is the tribute I owe | — | 342 |

I

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| I am the first, and I the last ; | — | 206 |
| I love the Lord, he heard my cries, | — | 474 |
| I love the volumes of thy word : | — | 300 |
| I read my duty in the word | — | 206 |
| I to my God my ways commit, | — | 255 |
| I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name, | — | 229 |
| I'll meditate his works of old ; | — | 241 |
| I'll praise my Maker with my breath ; | — | 116 |
| If friendless in the vale of tears I stray, | — | 227 |
| If God afflicts his saints so far, | — | 193 |
| If God succeed not, all the cost | — | 278 |
| If high or low our station be, | — | 375 |
| If solid happiness we prize, | — | 335 |
| Imperfect creatures of a day, | — | 460 |
| Imposture shrinks from light, | — | 308 |
| In all my vast concerns with thee, | — | 237 |
| In Britain God is known, | — | 488 |
| In God's own house pronounce his praise ! | — | 173 |
| In Judah, God of old was known ; | — | 239 |
| In sleep's serene oblivion laid, | — | 95 |
| In the soft season of thy youth, | — | 391 |
| In vain, alas ! from shore to shore, | — | 211 |
| In vain my roving thoughts would find, | — | 429 |
| In vain opposing nations rage, | — | 489 |
| In vain, while dark affliction spreads | — | 334 |
| Indulgent God ! with pitying eye, | — | 429 |
| Indulgent God, whose bounteous care, | — | 93 |
| Indulgent still to my request, | — | 231 |
| Inquire, ye pilgrims ! for the way, | — | 223 |
| Is there ambition in my heart ? | — | 336 |
| Is there no kind, no lenient art, | — | 482 |

| J | | Page |
|--|---|------|
| Jehovah reigns: he dwells in light, | — | 39 |
| Jehovah reigns! let ev'ry nation hear, | — | 43 |
| Jehovah reigns! the king of kings | — | 37 |
| Jehovah! 'tis a glorious name, | — | 221 |
| Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word! | — | 63 |
| Jesus invites his saints, | — | 466 |
| Joy to the world; the Lord is come! | — | 283 |
| Judge me, O Lord! and prove my ways, | — | 175 |

| K | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|----|
| Keep silence, all created things, | — | 23 |
| Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; | — | 24 |

| L | | |
|---|---|-----|
| Let all the earth their voices raise, | — | 139 |
| Let all the nations fear | — | 62 |
| Let children hear the mighty deeds | — | 389 |
| Let ev'ry creature join | — | 64 |
| Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak | — | 329 |
| Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high | — | 194 |
| Let heav'n arise, let earth appear, | — | 47 |
| Let men of high conceit and zeal | — | 364 |
| Let none be envious when he sees | — | 383 |
| Let others confident and vain | — | 439 |
| Let our dejected hearts revive, | — | 483 |
| Let party names no more | — | 362 |
| Let Pharisees of high esteem, | — | 361 |
| Let sorrow, Lord, my bosom fill | — | 316 |
| Let the unthinking many say, | — | 174 |
| Let the whole race of creatures lie | — | 262 |
| Let thy various realms, O earth! | — | 218 |
| Let us with a joyful mind, | — | 114 |
| Life is a span, a fleeting hour, | — | 481 |
| Life is the time to serve the Lord, | — | 428 |
| Life, like a vain amusement, flies, | — | 435 |
| Lift your voice, and joyful sing | — | 113 |
| Lo, God is here! let us adore, | — | 178 |
| Lo, my shepherd is divine! | — | 124 |
| Lo! the rock is roll'd away— <i>Hallelujah!</i> | — | 296 |
| Lo! what a glorious corner-stone | — | 290 |
| | | Lo, |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

ix

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Lo, what a pleasing sight | 370 |
| Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, | 26 |
| Long have I sat beneath the sound | 310 |
| Lord, as the ev'ning shades arise, | 95 |
| Lord, could I e'er so faithless prove, | 236 |
| Lord, how mysterious are thy ways! | 263 |
| Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare | 495 |
| Lord, I have found 'tis good for me | 329 |
| Lord! I have made thy word my choice, | 303 |
| Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear | 7 |
| Lord! in the temple of thy grace, | 190 |
| Lord, not to earth's contracted span, | 171 |
| Lord of my life, O may thy praise, | 91 |
| Lord of the earth, and seas, and skies! | 397 |
| Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows, | 7 |
| Lord of the worlds above, | 3 |
| Lord of the world's majestic frame! | 157 |
| Lord, of thy goodness all partake: | 203 |
| Lord, since in my advancing age, | 198 |
| Lord, thou art good! all nature shews | 130 |
| Lord, thou art precious to my soul, | 358 |
| Lord, thou hast search'd, and seen me through; | 235 |
| Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, | 90 |
| Lord, through the dubious path of life, | 409 |
| Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand | 11 |
| Lord, we adore thy boundless grace, | 293 |
| Lord, we adore thy vast designs, | 262 |
| Lord, we adore thy wondrous name; | 354 |
| Lord, what a feeble piece | 436 |
| Lord, what is man, that he should prove | 221 |
| Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er, | 90 |
| Lord, when my raptur'd thought surveys | 57 |
| Lord! when my thoughts delighted rove, | 215 |
| Lord! while my thoughts with wonder trace | 121 |
| Lord, who among the sons of men, | 179 |

M

| | |
|--|-----|
| Maker, and sovereign Lord | 286 |
| Mark the soft-falling snow | 291 |
| May I, through life's perplexing road, | 410 |
| Mean | |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Mean though I am, not wholly so, — | 172 |
| More human power shall fast decay, — | 423 |
| More of thy presence, Lord, impart, — | 269 |
| Must friends and kindred droop and die, — | 477 |
| My faith and hope in God are strong, — | 448 |
| My God, how endless is thy love! — | 82 |
| My God, my everlasting hope! — | 392 |
| My God! my father! cheering name! — | 248 |
| My God, my hope! if thou art mine, — | 349 |
| My God, my king, thy various praise, — | 25 |
| My God! my king! to thee I'll raise — | 234 |
| My God, my portion, and my love! — | 352 |
| My God! permit me not to be — | 396 |
| My God! the cov'nant of thy love — | 419 |
| My God! the father of mankind, — | 158 |
| My God! the steps of pious men, — | 382 |
| My God! the visits of thy love — | 344 |
| My God! 'tis to thy mercy seat, — | 271 |
| My God! to thee my soul aspires; — | 344 |
| My God, what blessings round me shone, — | 128 |
| My gracious God! accept my pray'r; — | 395 |
| My gracious! my almighty friend! — | 185 |
| My helper God! I bless his name; — | 467 |
| My maker, and my king! — | 134 |
| My never-ceasing songs shall shew — | 289 |
| My rising soul! extend thy wings — | 453 |
| My shepherd is the living Lord; — | 118 |
| My shepherd will supply my need; — | 119 |
| My soul forsakes each vain delight, — | 351 |
| My soul, how lovely is the place — | 2 |
| My soul, inspir'd with sacred love, — | 110 |
| My soul, repeat his praise — | 298 |
| My soul shall praise thee, O my God! — | 164 |
| My soul, thy great Creator praise; — | 53 |
| My soul, triumphant in the Lord, — | 224 |
| My spirit looks to God alone; — | 256 |
| My thoughts in musing silence trace — | 315 |
| My thoughts, that oft ascend the skies, — | 476 |

N

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Naked as from the earth we came, — | 334 |
| No, I'll repine at death no more, — | 451 |
| Nor | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard, | 458 |
| Not by the terrors of a slave, | 197 |
| Not from relentless fate's dark womb, | 418 |
| Not to ourselves, who are but dust, | 140 |
| Not to the terrors of the Lord, | 363 |
| Now let thy servant die in peace, | 114 |
| Now, to the Lord, a joyful song! | 194 |
| O all ye nations praise the Lord, | 189 |
| O azure vaults! O crystal sky! | 76 |
| O bless the Lord, my soul! | 197 |
| O blessed souls are they, | 311 |
| O Britain! praise Jehovah's name, | 77 |
| Of justice, and of grace I sing, | 479 |
| O for a shout of sacred joy | 144 |
| O God, how free thy mercies flow! | 326 |
| O God, my saviour, and my king, | 365 |
| O God of our forefathers! hear, | 286 |
| O God, the spring of all my joys! | 202 |
| Oh! can I e'er forsake that friend, | 411 |
| Oh! how my fears the dangers move | 269 |
| Oh! how secure and blest are they | 401 |
| Oh! source of uncreated light! | 179 |
| Oh! 'tis a lovely thing to see | 377 |
| O happiness, thou pleasing dream! | 333 |
| O how I love thy holy law! | 393 |
| O how shall words, with equal warmth, | 138 |
| O Lord, how excellent thy name! | 47 |
| O Lord! how glorious is thy name, | 149 |
| O Lord! my best desires fulfil, | 269 |
| O Lord, our heav'nly king! | 146 |
| O Lord! when man's o'erwhelm'd with guilt, | 211 |
| One privilege my heart desires: | 175 |
| On God the race of man depends, | 81 |
| On God we build our sure defence, | 250 |
| On thee each morning, O my God! | 97 |
| O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, | 226 |
| Oppress'd with fear, oppress'd with grief, | 323 |
| Oppress'd with guilt, or grief, or care, | 317 |
| O render thanks to God above, | 133 |
| O say, | |

| | Page |
|---|-------|
| ○ say, in heav'n's capacious round, | — 216 |
| ○ tell to all whom earth sustains, | — 142 |
| ○ that the Lord would guide my ways, | — 405 |
| ○ that thy statutes ev'ry hour | — 427 |
| ○ thou, the wretched's sure retreat, | — 320 |
| ○ thou unknown, almighty cause ! | — 442 |
| ○ thou who hearest sinners cry ! | — 313 |
| ○ thou, whose all-disposing sway, | — 219 |
| ○ thou, whose bright celestial ray | — 190 |
| ○ thou, whose mercy bends the skies, | — 175 |
| ○ thou, whose tender mercy hears | — 348 |
| Our country is Immanuel's ground ; | — 415 |
| Our days are like the flow'rs that fade ; | — 196 |
| Our God ! our help in ages past, | — 434 |
| Our pow'rs, O God ! are too confin'd, | — 183 |
| Our reason stretches all its wings, | — 273 |
| Our wasting lives are short'ning still, | — 440 |
| Out of the depth of sad distress, | — 318 |

P

| | |
|--|-------|
| Peace, my complaining, doubting heart ! | — 332 |
| Praise, everlasting praise, be paid | — 258 |
| Praise in thy churches waits for thee ! | — 174 |
| Praise, O praise, the name divine ! | — 219 |
| Praise to God, immortal praise, | — 168 |
| Praise to thee, thou great Creator ! | — 207 |
| Praise to the Lord of boundless might, | — 154 |
| Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name, | — 179 |
| Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir | — 74 |
| Praise ye the Lord ; let praise employ, | — 180 |
| Praise ye the Lord ! my heart shall join | — 115 |
| Praise ye the Lord : oh, blissful theme, | — 79 |
| Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise | — 30 |
| Proclaim salvation from the Lord, | — 259 |
| Providence, profusely kind, | — 339 |

R

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, | — 50 |
| Rejoice, ye righteous, in your God ; | — 108 |
| Remark, my soul ! the narrow bounds | — 468 |
| Remember, Lord, our mortal state | — 438 |
| Remember us, we pray thee, Lord, | — 209 |
| Return, | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

xiii
Page

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| Return, O God of love! return ; | — | 353 |
| Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground ; | — | 195 |

S

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| Sacred wisdom ! be my guide ; | — | 267 |
| Salvation is for ever nigh | — | 186 |
| See ! the bright monarch of the day | — | 94 |
| Sense can afford no real joy | — | 197 |
| Shall the kind mother's gentle breast | — | 345 |
| Shew pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ! | — | 312 |
| Shine, mighty God ! on Britain shine, | — | 487 |
| Shine on our souls, eternal God ! | — | 279 |
| Should famine o'er the mourning field | — | 346 |
| Sing to the Lord a joyful song ; | — | 141 |
| Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, | — | 16 |
| Sing to the Lord ! let praise inspire | — | 80 |
| Sing to the Lord with joyful voice ; | — | 18 |
| Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands ! | — | 281 |
| Sing, ye sons of might, O sing, | — | 142 |
| So let our lips and lives express | — | 310 |
| Songs of immortal praise belong | — | 50 |
| Soon will our fleeting hours be past ; | — | 464 |
| Sov'reign of life ! before thine eye, | — | 444 |
| Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks, | — | 321 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my king, | — | 11 |

T

| | | |
|--|---|-----|
| Teach me, O teach me, Lord ! thy way ; | — | 409 |
| Teach me, O thou ! that teacher art | — | 212 |
| Teach me the measure of my days, | — | 431 |
| Thanks for mercies past, receive ; | — | 463 |
| That awful hour will soon appear, | — | 437 |
| That man is blest who stands in awe | — | 369 |
| That solemn day will soon arrive, | — | 454 |
| Th' Almighty reigns exalted high | — | 384 |
| Th' Almighty stoops to view the skies, | — | 257 |
| Th' eternal God in thunder speaks, | — | 20 |
| Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee, | — | 360 |
| The day approaches, O my soul ! | — | 452 |
| The day of wrath, that dreadful day, | — | 455 |
| The earth, and all the heav'nly frame, | — | 133 |
| The earth is thine, almighty Lord ! | — | 381 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Thee, O God enthron'd above! | 218 |
| The evils that beset our path, | 417 |
| The gifts indulgent heav'n bestows, | 337 |
| The glories of my maker, God, | 35 |
| The glorious armies of the sky, | 59 |
| The God Jehovah reigns! | 182 |
| The God of heav'n is kind and just: | 340 |
| The God of love will sure indulge | 479 |
| The heart dejected sighs to know, | 456 |
| The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord; | 104 |
| The Lord can clear the darkest skies, | 197 |
| The Lord descended from above, | 207 |
| The Lord! how tender is his love, | 261 |
| The Lord in Sion plac'd his name, | 13 |
| The Lord is king, his hand alone, | 109 |
| The Lord is my defence and guide, | 122 |
| The Lord is my shepherd, my guardian and guide; | 125 |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare, | 123 |
| The Lord, my saviour, is my light: | 274 |
| The Lord, my shepherd, and my guide, | 120 |
| The Lord my shepherd is: | 119 |
| The Lord of glory is my light, | 249 |
| The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high: | 39 |
| The Lord of glory reigns, supremely great, | 155 |
| The Lord, the God of glory, reigns, | 38 |
| The Lord, the sov'reign king, | 186 |
| The man is ever blest, | 379 |
| The man of humble, upright heart, | 92 |
| The man whose faith and hope are strong, | 87 |
| The man whose firm and equal mind, | 388 |
| The mighty God, the wise and just, | 290 |
| The morn and eve thy praise resound, | 86 |
| The praises of my God, my king, | 117 |
| The promises I sing, | 260 |
| The rising morn, the closing day, | 85 |
| The soul oppress'd with sin's desert, | 316 |
| The spacious firmament on high, | 75 |
| The starry heav'ns thy rule obey, | 302 |
| The swift declining day, | 426 |
| The volume of my father's grace, | 305 |
| The weary traveller, lost in night, | 327 |
| The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought, | 192 |
| The | |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE

| | Page |
|--|------|
| The work, O Lord, is thine, | 100 |
| The world of nature, Lord, is thine, | 239 |
| There is a glorious world on high, | 385 |
| There is a God, all nature speaks, | 46 |
| There is a righteous God, | 536 |
| There is forgiveness, Lord, with thee, | 314 |
| They that have made their refuge God, | 244 |
| Thine is the throne, beneath thy reign, | 252 |
| This earthly globe, the creature of a day, | 44 |
| This God is the God we adore, | 208 |
| This is the day the Lord hath made: | 100 |
| Those happy realms of joy and peace | 460 |
| Thou art my portion, O my God! | 404 |
| Thou didst make the darksome night, | 463 |
| Thou didst, O mighty God! exist | 42 |
| Thou, Lord! in mercy wilt regard | 322 |
| Thou only sovereign of my heart, | 236 |
| Thou pow'r supreme, by whole command I live! | 129 |
| Though nature's voice you must obey, | 479 |
| Though perfect eloquence adorn'd | 364 |
| Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord, | 367 |
| Thrice happy men who, born from heav'n, | 403 |
| Thro' all the changing scenes of life, | 105 |
| Thro' all the various shifting scene | 264 |
| Thro' endless years thou art the same, | 41 |
| Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God! | 433 |
| Thus far the Lord has led me on, | 89 |
| Thus saith the first, the great command; | 360 |
| Thus saith the Lord, "the spacious fields," | 144 |
| Thus the eternal Father spake | 280 |
| Thy goodness, Lord! while I survey, | 156 |
| Thy judgments, Lord! are deep and high, | 215 |
| Thy justice, Lord! maintains its throne, | 28 |
| Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands, | 30 |
| Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord! | 405 |
| Thy name, almighty Lord! | 189 |
| Thy presence, everlasting God! | 419 |
| Thy promises are large and free, | 228 |
| Thy throne, O God! for ever stands, | 192 |
| Thy way, O God! thy wondrous way, | 275 |
| Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord, | 58 |
| | Time |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Time, what an empty vapour 'tis! | 258 |
| 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, | 421 |
| 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, | 81 |
| 'Tis religion that can give | 228 |
| 'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine, | 338 |
| To calm the sorrows of the mind, | 341 |
| To God, its source, my soul aspires; | 307 |
| To God let fervent pray'rs arise | 288 |
| To God most high, the sov'reign Lord, | 465 |
| To God the great, the ever blest, | 188 |
| To God, the only wise, | 408 |
| To God, whose glories are display'd | 214 |
| To heav'n, my longing soul! aspire, | 459 |
| To-morrow, Lord, is thine, | 427 |
| To our almighty maker, God, | 182 |
| To pay our God the tribute due, | 210 |
| To thee let my first off'rings rise, | 96 |
| To thee, my God! I rais'd my voice, | 314 |
| To thee, my God! my days are known; | 350 |
| To thee, most holy, and most high! | 489 |
| To thee, O God! my pray'r ascends, | 169 |
| To those who fear and trust the Lord, | 282 |
| To your creator, God, | 66 |
| Triumphant Lord! thy goodness reigns | 153 |
| 'Twas from thy hand, great God! I came, | 127 |
| 'Twas God who hurl'd the ruling spheres, | 22 |

U

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Unite, my roving thoughts! unite, | 353 |
| United zeal be shewn | 65 |
| Unshaken as th' eternal hills, | 192 |
| Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, | 246 |
| Upward I lift mine eyes, | 247 |

V

| | |
|--|-----|
| Vain are the charms, and faint the rays, | 224 |
| Vain is the toilsome search of good | 233 |
| Vast are thy works, almighty Lord! | 55 |

Wake

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

xvii

| | W | Page |
|---|---|------|
| Wake now, my soul, and humbly hear | — | 205 |
| We bless the Lord, the just, the good, | — | 195 |
| We sing th' almighty pow'r of God, | — | 149 |
| Weak and irresolute is man; | — | 413 |
| Weary of these low scenes of night, | — | 338 |
| Welcome the hope of Israel's race, | — | 284 |
| What glory gilds the sacred page, | — | 307 |
| What shall I render to my God, | — | 475 |
| What shall I render to the Lord, | — | 232 |
| What sinners value, I resign: | — | 457 |
| What though downy slumbers flee, | — | 99 |
| When all the pow'rs of nature fail; | — | 441 |
| When all thy mercies, O my God! | — | 137 |
| When blooming youth is snatch'd away, | — | 480 |
| When death appears before my sight, | — | 450 |
| Whene'er, O God, with raptur'd eye, | — | 147 |
| When fancy spreads her boldest wings, | — | 347 |
| When fainting in the sultry waste, | — | 328 |
| When gloomy thoughts, and boding fears, | — | 399 |
| When I can read my title clear | — | 279 |
| When I survey life's varied scene, | — | 270 |
| When I with curious eyes survey | — | 430 |
| When I with pleasing wonder stand, | — | 198 |
| When in the light of faith divine, | — | 420 |
| When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand, | — | 240 |
| When Israel thro' the desert pass'd, | — | 384 |
| When overwhelm'd with grief, | — | 256 |
| When pious hearts, with zeal unfeign'd | — | 211 |
| When present suff'rings pain my heart, | — | 270 |
| When rising from the bed of death, | — | 318 |
| When sickness shakes the languid frame, | — | 343 |
| When storms hang o'er the Christian's head, | — | 326 |
| Where Babel's rivers winding stray, | — | 242 |
| Where'er the Lord shall build my house, | — | 472 |
| Where love and all the graces reign, | — | 361 |
| Where shall we go to seek and find | — | 13 |
| While beauty clothes the fertile vale, | — | 84 |
| While God my father's near | — | 121 |

b

While

| | Page |
|---|------|
| While humbly prostrate in the dust, | 325 |
| While raptur'd saints adoring stand, | 159 |
| While some in folly's pleasures roll, | 402 |
| While sounds of war are heard around, | 491 |
| While thee I seek, protecting pow'r! | 156 |
| While thoughtless sinners choose | 255 |
| While to the grave our friends are borne, | 478 |
| While, with remorse and woe oppress'd, | 322 |
| Who can by searching find out God? | 47 |
| Who, gracious Father! can complain | 264 |
| Who shall ascend thy heav'nly place, | 380 |
| Why is my heart with grief oppress'd? | 332 |
| Why, O my soul! thus sunk in woe? | 324 |
| Why sinks my weak desponding mind? | 272 |
| Why should I thus perplex | 267 |
| Why should this earth delight us so? | 457 |
| Why will ye waste on trifling cares | 394 |
| With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, | 14 |
| With glory clad, with strength array'd, | 37 |
| With God my friend, the radiant sun, | 208 |
| Within thy churches, Lord, | 6 |
| With kind compassion hear my cry, | 205 |
| With my whole heart I've sought thy face: | 466 |
| With pleasing wonder, Lord! we view | 135 |
| With reverence let the saints appear, | 10 |
| With sacred joy we lift our eyes | 15 |
| With songs and honours sounding loud, | 78 |
| Would you behold the works of God, | 486 |

Y

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Ye blest inhabitants of heav'n, | 68 |
| Ye followers of the Prince of peace, | 467 |
| Ye golden lamps of heav'n! farewell, | 462 |
| Ye holy souls, in God rejoice, | 51 |
| Ye humble souls, complain no more, | 299 |
| Ye nations round the earth, rejoice | 17 |
| Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice, | 261 |
| Ye righteous! in your king rejoice, | 488 |
| Ye servants of th' almighty king, | 34 |

ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

xix
Page

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Ye servants of th' eternal king, | — | — | 218 |
| Ye servants of the Lord, | — | — | 427 |
| Ye sons of men, a feeble race, | — | — | 245 |
| Ye sons of men, in sacred lays | — | — | 21 |
| Ye sons of men! with joy record | — | — | 355 |
| Ye that delight to serve the Lord, | — | — | 188 |
| Ye that obey th' immortal king! | — | — | 178 |
| Ye tribes of Adam, join | — | — | 61 |
| Ye weak inhabitants of clay, | — | — | 252 |
| Ye works of God! on him alone, | — | — | 162 |
| Yet a few years, or days, perhaps, | — | — | 443 |

BOOK II.

CONTENTS OF THE INTRODUCTORY PART OF
WORSHIP.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

HYMNS

Bless

ALPHABETICAL TABLE

Page

| | |
|-----|-----------------------------------|
| 278 | Ye servants of th' eternal king. |
| 427 | Ye servants of the Lord. |
| 445 | Ye sons of men, a feeble race, |
| 451 | Ye sons of men, in latest days |
| 455 | Ye sons of men! with joy record |
| 458 | Ye that delight to love the Lord, |
| 478 | Ye that obey th' imperial king! |
| 481 | Ye tribes of Adam, join |
| 485 | Ye weak inhabitants of clay. |
| 492 | Ye works of God! on him alone |
| 495 | Ye who fear, or hope, or pray, |

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK I.

ADAPTED TO THE INTRODUCTORY PART OF
WORSHIP.

I. Long Metre. WATTS.

Public and social worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
 - 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God, my king, why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?
 - 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- B
4. Blest

- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace:
 Here they behold thy gentler rays,
 Inquire thy will, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Sion's gate:
 God is their strength; and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

II. Common Metre. WATTS.

Delight in public worship.

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
 Tho' in his earthly courts.
- 2 Here the great monarch of the skies
 His saving pow'r displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes
 With kind and cheering rays.
- 3 Here, mighty God, thy works declare
 The secrets of thy will;
 And still we seek thy mercy here,
 And sing thy praises still.
- 4 To sit one day beneath thine eye
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employ'd in worldly joys.

5 Could

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS.

- 5 Could we command the spacious land,
And the unbounded sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
We'd give them both away.

III. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Sion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our king
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

IV. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The benefits of public worship.

1 **G**OD is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence:
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

2 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside:
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

3 The LORD his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

V. Long Metre. WATTS.

The love of GOD better than life.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim;
 Thou art my joy, and thou my rest:
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 While

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS.

- 2 While in thy house I now appear,
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
O may I see thy mercy here,
And taste the blessings of thy grace!
- 3 Not all by worldly men possest,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so,
- 4 My life itself, without thy love,
No real pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the LORD.
- 5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

VI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Morning of the LORD's day.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

6 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. I.

- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my grateful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

VII. Short Metre. WATTS.

Morning of the LORD's day.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy churches, LORD,
I long to find a place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And seek thy promis'd grace.
- 2 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine:
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the LORD.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

VIII. Com.

VIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

IX. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal sabbath.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

- 3 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy;
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine!

X. Long Metre. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

The christian sabbath.

- 1 **A** GAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise
To heav'n a grateful sacrifice;
And heav'n that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know!
- 3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In varied scenes, both old and new,
With joy, great God, thy works we view;
In praise recall thy mercies past,
In hope thy future mercies taste.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

XI. Long Metre. MERRICK.

The pleasures of devotion.

- 1 **G**OD of my strength, to thee I cry,
To thee, my surest refuge, fly :
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray.
- 2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth and mercy meet ;
And there, in all its best array,
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.
- 3 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield ;
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
- 4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On GOD our stedfast hopes repose ;
To GOD our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

XII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :
He loves the tents of Jacob well,
But more in Sion loves to dwell,

2 His

- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.
- 4 Barbarian, Scythian, Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The source whence living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

XIII. Common Metre, WATTS.

Reverential worship.

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the LORD;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On his supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at his command.
- 3 His words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

4 Justice

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 11

- 4 Justice and judgment are his throne,
Yet wondrous is his grace:
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near his face.

XIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

A hymn for the LORD's day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his works, and bless his word.
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

XV. Long Metre. WATTS.

The church the garden of God.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;

Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The LORD is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his courts shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

XVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God in his house.

1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your king,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the LORD; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 O Britain, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;

He

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS.

13

He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

XVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God's presence in his church.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for the LORD?
For the supreme, eternal mind
What dwelling can the earth afford?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Sion for his ancient rest;
His church is his bright dwelling still,
And with his special presence blest.
- 3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the LORD;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
And those who wait before my door
With rich provisions shall be fed.
- 5 We love thy habitation, LORD,
Where peace, and truth, and mercy dwell;
There shall we hear thy holy word,
And all thy works of wonder tell.

XVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The privilege of public worship.

- 1 **T**HE LORD in Sion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;

To

- To Sion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad:
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.
- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

XIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

Devotion and confidence in God.

- 1 **W**ith all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Let all who hear the notes I raise,
With grateful spirits join the praise.
- 2 His saints, to whom his church is dear,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To his fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy wondrous works below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 15

But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 6 The LORD, supremely good and great,
Will his own work of grace compleat,
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

XX. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Homage and devotion.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heav'n's almighty king:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

- 3 Thee we adore; and, LORD, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.

- 4 While in thy house of pray'r we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;

Nor

Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

XXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Solemn praise.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,
And in his strength rejoice :
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And songs of honour sing :
The LORD's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

XXII. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing !

JEHO

JEHOVAH is the mighty God;
The universal king.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

XXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

1 **Y**E nations round the earth rejoice
Before the LORD, your sov'reign king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The LORD is GOD: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The LORD is good; the LORD is kind:
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:

C

And

And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

XXIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
Ye favour'd British isles, rejoice,
And sound his praise from shore to shore.
- 2 Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, and sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His pow'rful word, which all things made,
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

XXV. Com.

XXV. Common Metre. KIPPIS.

To the unknown God.

- 1 **G**REAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, LORD, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

XXVI. Long Metre. BROWNE.

The ONE GOD.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd;
By none controul'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely bless'd.
- 3 To thee, the One Supreme, we bow;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:

- All other gods we disavow,
 Reject their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' ev'ry land,
 All idol deities dethrone :
 Subdue the world to thy command,
 And reign, unrivall'd, God alone !

XXVII. Common Metre. JERVIS.

The power and majesty of God.

- 1 **T**H' eternal God in thunder speaks,
 And rends the vaulted sky ;
 While lightnings 'midst the awful gloom,
 Declare JEHOVAH nigh.
- 2 The howling winds and beating rain,
 The sea's tumultuous roar :—
 These, in tremendous concert join'd,
 Proclaim his boundless pow'r.
- 3 He comes ! all nature prostrate lies,
 And trembles at his nod :
 Earthquakes and dreadful storms announce
 The presence of the God.
- 4 To celebrate his praise sublime,
 While heav'n and earth combine ;
 We too, in feebler strains, adore
 His boundless pow'r divine.
- 5 Great God ! the splendors of thy might
 Our awe and wonder raise :
 Thy deeds of glory far surpass
 Our noblest hymns of praise.
- 6 Yet LORD, in thine almighty arm
 Secure thy servants trust,

'Midst all the clouds and storms of life,
The refuge of the just.

XXVIII. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The majesty and glory of God.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays
Attempt the great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?
- 2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears,
While boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.
- 3 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
While list'ning worlds applaud the song!

XXIX. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The power of God.

- 1 **T** WAS God who hurl'd the rolling
spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.
- 2 Eternal is his pow'r and might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces thro' the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his pow'r.
- 4 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still,
They cease their wonted round:
The mountains melt; the trembling hills
Forfake their ancient bound.
- 5 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly;
Blue pestilence, and wasting death
Confess the Godhead nigh.
- 6 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command:
Mortals, pay homage to your king,
And own his ruling hand.

XXX. Long Metre. WATTS.

God exalted above all praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God;

Infinite

- Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own :
In shining ranks beneath thy feet,
Angelic pow'rs and splendors meet.
- 3 Lord, what shall feeble mortals do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
With lowly minds to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Something we learn from nature's frame :
Thy word has more reveal'd thy name :
Yet still thy greatness, LORD, we find,
Leaves all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and man below :
Short be our tunes, our words be few :
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise fits silent on our tongues.

XXXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And own your maker God !
Our trembling souls, with awe profound,
Would spread his name abroad.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,

Whate'er through endless years should rise
 Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bade ancient night
 Her endless realms resign;
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light
 In fields of azure shine.

5 His wisdom with superior sway
 Guides the vast moving frame;
 Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
 Due reverence to his name.

XXXII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The dominion of God.

1 **K**INGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
 His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
 His honours shall enrich your verse.

2 His name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
 Ye saints, rejoice before his face;
 Exalt the wonders of his grace.

3 The widow and the fatherless
 Fly to his aid in deep distress:
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A judge that's just, a father kind.

4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
 And pris'ners see the light again;
 But rebels, that dispute his will,
 Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

5 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms:
 How terrible is God in arms!

Behold

Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

- 6 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

XXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God ever to be praised.

- 1 MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;

Vast

Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

XXXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The greatness and goodness of God.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

XXXV. Com-

XXXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The goodness of God.

- 1 **G**OD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 2 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, LORD!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, my heav'nly king!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

XXXVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The perfections and providence of God.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For

- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the LORD;
And in his light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in his word.

XXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The benignity of providence.

- 1 **THY** justice, LORD, maintains its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 2 Above the heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies far extend:
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

- 3 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.
- 4 Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

XXXVIII. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The power and providence of God.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord! our souls adore;
We wonder while we praise;
His pow'r what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise?
- 2 His praise shall be our awful theme,
The wonders of his pow'r;
We'll speak the honours of his name,
And bid the world adore.
- 3 How large his tender mercies are!
How wide his pow'r extends!
On his beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 4 Great God, while nature speaks thy praise,
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.
- 5 Thy power and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign:
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill th' enraptur'd strain.

XXXIX. Com-

XXXIX. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Providence kind and bountiful.

- 1 **T**HY kingdom, LORD, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store:
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.
- 3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is Providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of pow'r and mercy shine.
- 4 The praise of God, delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

XL. Long Metre. WATTS.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
 - 2 Great is the LORD, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 He

- 3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust,
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves, and loves his image there.

XLI. Common Metre. WATTS.

The divine mercy and benignity.

- 1 **H**OW many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, LORD, how great!
Life is too short, and words too few,
Their numbers to repeat.
- 2 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all our praise exceeds.
- 3 In all thy works thy hand we see,
Thy footsteps, LORD, we trace:
Thy goodness how divinely free!
And wondrous is thy grace.
- 4 Thy wonders to thy servants show;
O! make thy work complete:
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

XLII. Common Metre. WATTS.

God holy, just, and powerful.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?

- If he contend in right'ousness,
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he should mark our words and thoughts
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
The least excuse devise?
- 3 Who can resist his pow'rful arm?
Who dares with him contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
And all her pillars shake.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea,
Flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

XLIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God incomprehensible.

- 1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought,
Measure and search his nature out?

2 His

- 2 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light.
- 3 Great God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal king.
- 4 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God! and I'll rejoice:
Sustain'd by thee, I'll still proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

XLIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The knowledge and fear of God.

- 1 GREAT is the LORD: his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the LORD:
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

D

XLV. Com-

XLV. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The condescension of God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne!
Accessless light is thine abode,
To mortal eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this poor world thy notice bend,
This seat of sin and woe?
- 4 How large! how wonderful thy love!
With rev'rence we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its greatness can explore.

XLVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?

His

His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

- 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

XLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The glory of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty, the Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bade planets roll, and suns to shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This humble dwelling-place of worms.

XLVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their king.

- 2 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 3 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
And from his own creating breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 4 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim a kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

XLIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

God's eternal dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

5 Great

- 5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee,

L. Long Metre. TATE and BRADY.

God the eternal sovereign.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The LORD, who o'er all nature reigns,
 At first the world's foundations laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains,
 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see !
 For thou, O LORD ! and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
 3 The floods, O LORD ! lift up their voice,
 And toss their troubled waves on high ;
 But God above rebukes their noise,
 And straight the angry seas comply.
 4 Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure ;
 And those who in thy presence dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel,

LI. Long Metre. PATRICK.

The stability of God's government.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ; the King of kings
 Assumes his robes of glorious light :
 Tremble, thou earth, when he appears
 Array'd in majesty and might.
 2 Under his rule th' unquiet world
 Shall gain stability and peace ;

- Of old his empire did begin,
And, like himself, can never cease.
- 3 In vain the world's rebellious pow'rs
In tumults and commotions rise;
Like troubled waters of the sea,
To bid defiance to the skies.
- 4 Resist not his unequal'd strength,
He's far above your angry noise;
And ev'n the sea's unruly waves
Do calmly listen to his voice.
- 5 LORD, as thy pow'r can never fail,
So all thy promises are sure;
'Tis thy perfection to be true,
And theirs that serve thee to be pure.

LII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The eternal and sovereign God.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above;
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The LORD JEHOVAH, from on high,
Controuls the fiercely raging seas;

He

He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal purity is thine ;
And, LORD, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

LIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

LIV. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE LORD of glory reigns, he reigns
on high :
His robes of state are strength and majesty :
D 4 This

This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his
hand :

Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal king. Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign :
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the
skies :

Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-
motion,

But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling
ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more : ye floods,
be still ;

And the mad world submissive to his will :
Built on his truth his church must ever
stand ;

Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

LV. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION,

God eternal and unchangeable.

1 **A**LL-pow'rful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign !

2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,

Thro'

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS, 41

Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

- 3 Fountain of being, source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd;
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his devious track.
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still,

LVI. C. M. TATE and BRADY,

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid,
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,

Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy eternal state, O LORD!
No length of time shall waste;
Thy pow'r and wisdom, truth and grace
From age to age shall last.

5 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt endless blessings give;
They in their fathers' GOD shall trust,
And in thy presence live.

LVII. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

The eternity and immutability of God.

1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty GOD! exist
Ere time began his race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

3 Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd:

4 Before the bright, harmonious spheres
Their glorious rounds begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

5 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;

Thy

Thy bliss, eternal spring of life!
And glory was the same.

- 6 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:
- 7 When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake:
- 8 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From interruption free;
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

LVIII. Proper Metre. MRS. BARBAULD.

The unrivalled power and dominion of God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
sounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs
sounding.
- 2 He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land:
JEHOVAH reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne.
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

LIX. Par-

LIX. Proper Metre. MRS. BARBAULD.

God the eternal sovereign.

1 **T**HIS earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must
pass away;

And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

2 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds
opprest,

Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky ;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

3 But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne :
JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone :

Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same :
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded pre-
sence.

4 But oh ! our highest notes the theme de-
base,

And silence is our least injurious praise :
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
controul ;

Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore
him.

LX. Com-

LX. Common Metre. GROVE.

God the Creator.

- 1 **O** LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold!
- 2 On heav'n's unmeasurable face,
In lines immensely great;
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flower,
CREATOR-GOD is writ.
- 3 Tho' reason be not giv'n to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun!
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.
- 4 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.
- 5 Angels, the eldest sons of God,
Began the lofty song;
They saw the heavens expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.
- 6 Then man, the last and noblest work
Of all this nether frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confess'd from whence he came.
- 7 O let us all give praise to God,
And magnify his name;
The wonders of his power and love
Let the whole world proclaim.

LXI. Long

LXI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The voice of nature.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows:
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

LXII. Long

LXII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God known by his works.

- 1 **W**HO can by searching find out God?
Or who can trace his bright abode?
Yet, LORD, thy glories we adore,
And wish to know and love thee more.
- 2 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls;
The starry skies proclaim thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in every flow'r.
- 3 In various shapes and colours rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes;
And beasts and birds, with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a God in every note.
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

LXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The creation of the world.

- 1 **L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty LORD;
The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
God said, *Let there be light!*
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.

- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd those orbs of light ;
He caus'd the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth ;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made ;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood ;
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd ;
His word pronounc'd it good.

LXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The perfections of God displayed in his works.

- 1 **WE** sing th' almighty power of God,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordains
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines bright at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the LORD,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 LORD, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes!
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies!
- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is with us still.
- 7 'Tis on his earth we stand or move,
And 'tis his air we breathe;
All heaven he fills with beams of love,
With terrors hell beneath.

50 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. I.

8 On him each moment we depend,
If he withdraw, we die;
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

LXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The wisdom of God in his works.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our fight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to know thy name?
- 5 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

LXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the works of God.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the LORD,
This work belongs to you;

Sing

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS.

51

Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread:
And by the spirit of the LORD
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 Thy glorious works our thoughts engage;
How vast thy pow'r divine!
Thy counsels stand thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shine.

LXVII. Particular Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **Y**E holy souls, in GOD rejoice,
Your maker's praise becomes your
voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

E. 2

2 Justice

- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves;
 His word the heav'nly arches spread:
 How wide they shine from north to south!
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
 In the vast storehouse of the deep:
 He spake, and gave all nature birth;
 And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless pow'r,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
 hands,
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

LXVIII. Long Metre. MERRICK.

God the source of life to the whole creation.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in majesty divine,
 What power and glory, LORD, are
 thine!
 Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
 The heavens their ample curtain spread.
- 2 Thou know'st amid the fluid space
 The strong compacted beams to place,
 That prop the chambers of the sky,
 And age's wasting power defy.

- 3 By thee, O LORD, all creatures live,
And from thy hand all good receive;
But if thy face thou turn away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray.
- 4 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 5 But soon thy breath her loss supplies;
She sees a new-born race arise,
And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.
- 6 To God in joyful strains my tongue
Shall pour the tributary song,
And, long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.
- 7 Eternal ruler of the skies,
How various are thy works, how wise!
How great and good! what tongue can
frame
An equal honour to thy name?

LXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The glory of God in his works.

- 1 **M**Y soul; thy great creator praise:
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.
- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

- 3 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand :
He binds the waters in his chain,
Lest they should drown the earth again.
- 4 Yet these, convey'd by secret veins,
Spring on the hills, and sap the plains,
From crystal fountains gently flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go.
- 5 The cattle there their thirst allay,
And speak their joy in sportive play;
While birds their grateful sonnets raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

LXX. Long Metre. WATTS.

God the support of all his creatures.

- 1 **G**OD, from his cloudy cisterns, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching
show'rs ;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 2 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 3 O bless his name, ye Britons ! fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread ;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with fervour in your hearts.
- 4 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls savage beasts to hunt their prey.

- 5 By day man to his labour goes,
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From toil, anxiety, and grief.
- 6 Nor less his glories in the sea,
Where fish in countless numbers play,
Proclaiming, as they skim the wave,
The mercy which their being gave.
- 7 How vast thy works! how great thy skill!
Heav'n, earth and sea, thy riches fill;
Thy goodness round the world we see,
The universe is full of thee.

LXXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **V**AST are thy works, almighty LORD!
All nature rests upon thy word;
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see,
The spacious earth is full of thee.
- 2 The various tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand;
And while they take their diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.
- 3 Whene'er thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

- 5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to boundless grace.
- 6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
I, to my God, my heav'nly king,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

LXXII. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The God of nature.

- 1 **H**AIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature thro' all her various scenes
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
 Thy vary'd love we see;
 Still may the contemplation lead
 Our hearts, O God, to thee!

LXXIII. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my raptur'd thought
 surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my wond'ring eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;
 Ten thousand pleasing objects rise,
 And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air;
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty pow'r declare.
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
 And wait their daily food
 From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
 Exhaustless source of good!
- 5 The meads array'd in smiling green,
 With wholesome herbage crown'd;
 The fields with corn, a richer scene,
 Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
 In varied charms appear;
 Their varied charms display thy power,
 Thy goodness all declare.

- 7 The sun's all-animating beams
 The growing verdure spread;
 Refreshing rains and cooling streams
 His genial influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light
 Supply with milder rays,
 And deck the sable vale of night,
 And speak their maker's praise.

LXXIV. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The goodness of God in his works.

- 1 **T**HY wisdom, pow'r and goodness,
 LORD,
 In all thy works appear;
 But most thy praise should man record,
 Man, thy distinguish'd care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew;
 That breath thy power maintains;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard
 When threatening ills impend,
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.
- 4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possest;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blest.
- 5 All bounteous LORD, thy grace impart;
 O teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.

LXXV. Com-

LXXV. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

Praise from all nature.

- 1 **T**HE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty king!
Harmonious anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.
- 2 But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!
- 3 Yet how, great God! shall we refrain,
When, to our 'raptur'd sense,
Each creature in its various ways
Displays thine excellence?
- 4 The brilliant lights that shine above,
In bright magnificence,
Reveal their mighty maker's praise
With silent eloquence.
- 5 The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair;
When in the east its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
- 6 The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Their pleasing odours come.
- 7 The warbling birds, the hollow winds,
And waters murmuring fall,
To praise the first almighty cause,
With different voices call.

8 Thy

- 8 Thy numerous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall man silent be?
 No, rather let us cease to breathe
 Than cease from praising thee.

LXXVI. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

Praise to the God of nature.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
 In solemn accents sing
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty king.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.
- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault,
 To ev'ry bounding strain.

- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo thro' the sky;
Let angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony :
- 8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The great creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal king.

LXXVII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the LORD.

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past :
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

LXXVIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

Universal praise to God.

- 1 **L**ET all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
When earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

- 2 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty LORD,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

- 3 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The LORD, the sov'reign king;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.
- 4 Ye vig'rous youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

LXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints, who best have known the LORD,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss!
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

4 Let

- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 5 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
While nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

LXXX. Short Metre. WATTS.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand, or move,
And ever speak his name.

- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the LORD,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But they who taste his wondrous love
Should sing his praises best.

LXXXI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 UNITED zeal be shown
God's wondrous fame to raise :
He is the LORD : his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 2 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
- 3 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King ;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 4 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high ;
While infancy and with'ring age
Their feeble voices try.

F

5 Let

- 5 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest :
But saints who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

LXXXII. Proper Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Grateful praise.

- 1 **T**O your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :
Let every voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.
- 2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round
With all-diffusive ray ;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.
- 3 Fair regent of the nig't,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.
- 4 Let all the creatures join
To celebrate his name,

And

And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.

Let nature raise
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

- 5 But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow :
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest ;
Declare his praise.

LXXXIII. Long Metre. MRS. TOLLET.

Praise to God.

- 1 **F**ROM vocal air, and concave skies,
Let wafted hallelujahs sound ;
And let the sacred triumphs rise,
Till vaulted heav'n the notes rebound.
- 2 Thou solar orb ! whose ruddy beam
Compels the shades of night to yield ;
Thou silver moon ! whose fainter gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field :
- 3 Ye stars ! who circle round the pole,
Illumin'd with distinguish'd rays ;
Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
Symphonious to your maker's praise.
- 4 His name with pious praises sing,
Who kindled first the beamy light ;
Who first commanded you to spring
Forth from the cells of ancient night.

- 5 Ye active youth, in manly prime !
Ye virgins deck'd with blooming grace !
Ye elders press'd by creeping time !
And you, the tender infant race !
- 6 Your voices raise with mix'd acclaim,
To praise the universal LORD ;
The sole, august, majestic name,
O'er earth and distant heav'n ador'd.

LXXXIV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

All nature invoked to praise the creator.

- 1 YE bless'd inhabitants of heaven,
To God be all your praises given ;
O praise him in the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.
- 2 Praise him, thou sun, that round the pole
With restless course art seen to roll ;
Ye moon and stars, his praise repeat ;
Praise him, ye heavens, his awful feat.
- 3 Nor let the heavens his praise confine ;
Let all of earth the chorus join ;
Ye beasts, that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.
- 4 Praise him, each bird that wings the air,
Each reptile, nurtur'd by his care ;
And ev'ry wind and ev'ry storm,
That dutious his commands perform.
- 5 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary fire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs ;
To him alone all praise belongs.

6 His

- 6 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
 Nor highest heav'n its limit knows :
 O come, your thankful voices raise,
 And consecrate to him your praise.

LXXXV. L. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 C ELESTIAL worlds, your maker's name
 Resound thro' ev'ry shining coast :
 Our God a nobler praise will claim,
 Where he unfolds his glories most.
- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in thy sublime career,
 He struck from night thy peerless ray,
 Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
 Night's sable horrors to illumine,
 Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,
 With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play,
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing, or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the almighty God ador'd :
 He made the nations by his pow'r,
 And rules them with his sov'reign word.
- 6 At once let nature's ample round
 To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
 His high perfection knows no bound,
 But fills th' immensity of space.

LXXXVI. P. M. ORATORIO OF ABEL.

Gratitude to the author of nature.

- 1 **H**OW cheerful the field, and the mead,
How gay does all nature appear!
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
- 2 The foliage that shades the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the clod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and fair flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of our God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!
- 4 The God who such wonders can raise,
His name be for ever ador'd;
Our lips shall incessantly praise,
Our heart shall rejoice in the LORD.

LXXXVII. P. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Hymn of universal praise.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the glorious theme.

- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing;
Let all who fill the realms above
Awake the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal king;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye feather'd throngs, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's extended arch rebound
The general burst of joy.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Contemplation of the works of nature.

- 1 **E**TERNAL wisdom ! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;
The paler planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes,
On clouds and storms below ;
Those under regions of the skies,
Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thine orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 The rolling mountains of the deep
Obey thy stern command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them on the sand.
- 7 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

- 8 Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' thy works abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 9 But the mild glories of the LORD,
Our softer passions move ;
Thy grace and pity, in thy word
We see, adore and love.

LXXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

All the works of God praise him.

- 1 **F**AIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the
spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years :
- 2 Praise the creator of the skies,
Who dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;
Or may the sun forget to rise
If he forget his maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon :
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye twinkling stars that gild the sky,
And cheer the gloomy face of night,

Praise

Praise him who plac'd your orbs on high,
And out of darkness call'd up light.

- 6 O God of glory, and of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

XC. Common Metre. WATTS.

Invocation to praise.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD, immortal choir
That fills the realms above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Thunder and hail, and seas and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 5 Shout to the LORD, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Wave

- 6 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry grateful bough.
- 7 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

XCI. Long Metre. ADDISON.

The voice of God in his works.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine—
“The hand that made us is divine.”

XCII. Proper Metre. ROSCOMMON.

Praise to God from all nature.

- 1 **O** AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals
know,
With what contempt you look on things
below.
- 2 O light! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
O praise th' almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.
- 3 Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day;
O praise his name, without whose purer
light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.
- 4 Ye moon and planets! who dispense
By God's command your influence;
Resign to him, as to your maker due,
That homage which man's folly pays to you.
- 5 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' al-
mighty LORD.

6 Praise

- 6 Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep;
At whose command the foaming billows
 roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.
- 7 Praise him, old monuments of time,
O praise him, ye in youthful prime;
Praise him, who shine in beauty's excel-
 lence,
And praise him, thou sweet age of inno-
 cence.
- 8 Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom its various blessings spring:
Let echoing anthems make his praises
 known,
On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his
 throne!

XCIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Climate and seasons of the year.

- 1 **O** BRITAIN! praise JEHOVAH's name,
His goodness and thy bliss proclaim:
He bade the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest:
Thy sun affords a temp'rate heat,
Thy fertile soil the choicest wheat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains:

His

His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And well the springing corn defends.

4 His hoary frost bestrews the plains,
And binds the rapid streams in chains :
He bids the warmer breezes blow ;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow.

5 But he hath nobler works and ways,
To summon Britons to his praise :
To all our isle his laws are shown ;
His gospel's thro' the nation known.

XCIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The providence of God in the seasons.

i **W**ITH songs and honours sounding
loud,

Address the LORD on high :
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat ;
He hears the ravens cry ;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His

- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend, and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn :
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- 7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

XCV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Summer and winter.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD: Oh, blissful
 theme,
 To sing the honours of his name !
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
 And praise is lovely in his sight.
- 2 He speaks ! and swiftly from the skies
 To earth the sov'reign mandate flies :
 Observant nature hears his word,
 And bows obedient to her LORD.
- 3 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
 O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;
 Now glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
 Extends its universal chains.
- 4 At his fierce storms of patt'ring hail
 The shiv'ring powers of nature fail ;
 Before

Before his cold what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand?

- 5 He speaks! the ice and snows obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murmur'ing waters gently flow.
- 6 But nobler works his grace record,
To heal our woes he sent his word;
No thunders from his mount he hurl'd,
But truth and love to bless the world.

XCVI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to the God of the seasons.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD! let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.
- 2 He counts the hosts of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names:
Great is our God! his wondrous pow'r
And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 3 He veils the sky with treasure'd show'rs;
On earth the plenteous blessing pours:
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.
- 4 His bounteous hand, great spring of good,
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry;
All nature lives beneath his eye.

5 Dear

- 5 Dear to the LORD, for ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear;
The souls who on his grace rely,
These, these are lovely in his eye.

XCVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **O**N GOD the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flow'rs.
- 3 He from his wat'ry stores on high,
Gives to the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 5 His works pronounce his pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field his glories shine;
Thro' ev'ry month his gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

XCVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **'T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r!

G

The

- The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those floating cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear :
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

XCIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the spring.

- 1 **G**OOD is the LORD, the heav'nly king,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;

The

- The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched ground looks green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

C. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The year crown'd with goodness.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear;
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;

- And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear,
 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With morning light and ev'ning shade!
 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more!

CI. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

A hymn for the spring.

- 1 **W**HILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms on the spray,
 And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
 How sweet the vernal day!
 2 How kind the influence of the skies!
 These show'rs, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought.
 3 O let my wond'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.
 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.
 5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song;

And

And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

CII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Seed-time and harvest.

- 1 **T**HE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain
There plenty ev'ry charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

CIII. Long Metre. MERRICK.

The blessings of the year the gift of Providence.

- 1 **T**HE morn and eve thy praise resound,
LORD, as they walk th' ethereal round;
 Thy visits teach the grateful soil
 To recompense the lab'rer's toil.
- 2 By unexhausted springs supply'd,
 The river pours its copious tide;
 A thousand streams, in sportive play,
 Thro' the rich meadows wind their way.
- 3 The clouds, in frequent show'rs distill'd,
 Drop fatness on the fruitful field,
 Break the rough glebe, the furrows cheer,
 And crown with good the smiling year.
- 4 The pastures of th' extended waste
 Thy gifts in rich profusion taste;
 The hills around exulting stand,
 And shew the bounty of thy hand.
- 5 Cherish'd at length by lenient skies,
 Herbage and corn luxuriant rise:
 The laughing vale assumes a tongue,
 And bursts triumphant into song.

CIV. L. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Autumnal hymn.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! at whose all-pow'rful call,
 At first arose this beauteous frame,
 Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
 The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purpl'd vine;
At thy command they rise to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see—we taste—let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

CV. Long Metre. EARLE.

A winter reflection.

- 1 **T**HE man whose faith and hope are
strong,
And free from vexing cares his mind,
As changing seasons pass along,
Can in them all fresh pleasures find.
- 2 The man whose faculties are sound,
His heart upright, and conscience clean,
With tranquil mind can pass his round
Of life, in ev'ry shifting scene.

- 3 Not only in his youthful prime,
And whilst his pow'rs continue firm,
But when he feels th' effect of time,
And age prepares him for the worm ;
- 4 Grateful for every blessing past,
Patient in every present ill ;
And on whatever ground he's plac'd,
Hope does with pleasing prospects fill.

CVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

A hymn for morning or evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand !
Ten thousand snares our path surround,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r,
Which form'd us with a word !
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the LORD.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And mercy guards the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

CVII. Long

CVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

A hymn for morning or evening.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

CVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow of my head :
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning may I bear
 Thy loving kindness on my heart !
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the found.

CIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
 I am for ever thine :
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and bus'ness free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice :
 And when my work is done,
 Great God ! my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

CX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise ;

Not

Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My frame with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart, by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee!

CXI. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

A morning hymn.

1 **L**ORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me
spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;

From

From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6. Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

CXII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

An evening hymn.

1. **G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning song,
With humble gratitude, I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise !
2. My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
3. Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from furrounding harms :
Can danger reach me, while the LORD
Extends his kind protecting arms ?
4. Let cheering hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame,
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

CXIII. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

An evening hymn.

1. **T**HE man of humble, upright heart,
As his peculiar care,

The

- The LORD himself has set apart,
And when he calls will hear.
- 2 With pious awe your hearts survey,
And ev'ry sin repent;
Let true contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.
- 3 Your sacrifice the LORD will own,
If thus you seek his face,
Thus humbly bow before his throne,
And trust his pard'ning grace.

CXIV. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, whose bounteous
care
O'er all thy works is shewn,
O let my grateful pray'r and praise
Ascend before thy throne!
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
- 4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light
Enraptur'd let me soar.

CXV. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

An evening hymn.

- 1 **S**EE! the bright monarch of the day
 In ocean dips his beams,
 While from his brow a parting ray
 In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
 In sweet succession reigns ;
 And finely paints with silver light
 The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
 And shine from pole to pole :
 Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
 And charms th' attentive soul.
- 4 The starry arch in grandeur glows
 Thro' all its ample round :
 Great God ! thy power no limit knows,
 Thy wisdom knows no bound.

CXVI. Long Metre. PARNELL.

Morning hymn.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the day that dawns in air,
 Renews our-usual toil and care,
 As from the lap of night it springs,
 With busy cares upon its wings.
- 2 Prepare to meet them with a mind,
 That bows submissively resign'd ;
 That would to works appointed fall ;
 That knows that God has ordered all.

3 And

- 3 And whether with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast ;
Or, in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day :
- 4 Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet :
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

CXVII. Long Metre. PARNELL.

Evening hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, as the evening shades arise,
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wondrous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind !
- 2 O! make our weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest ;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.
- 3 Upon our knees, as here we bow,
We pray the LORD of glory, now
To fill our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.
- 4 If thoughts on thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy ;
Till thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

CXVIII. Long Metre. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning hymn.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;

- Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

CXIX. C. M. SELECT COLLECTION.
1756.

Morning prayer.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates my day;
Swift as his gladd'ning-influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!

- 3 If blifs thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart
That without guilt is gay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As fin's or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure !
- 5 If bright or cloudy scenes await,
Sure profit let me gain ;
That heaven nor high nor low estate
May send to me in vain.
- 6 Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

CXX. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Hymn for daily protection.

- 1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God !
My waking thoughts attend ;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise,
- 3 God leads me thro' the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light ;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

H

4 When

- 4 When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
 With his protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My wearied limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
 Fears no approaching ill;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, LORD, art with me still.

CXXI. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

God's goodness renewed every morning and evening.

- 1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
 With gratitude I'll bring;
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.
- 2 Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
 A dark and sable veil,
 And all the beauties of the world
 From mortal eyes conceal.
- 3 Again the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint with cheerful splendour gay
 The fair ascending morn.
- 4 And as the gloomy night returns,
 Or smiling day renews,
 Thy constant goodness still my soul
 With benefits pursues.
- 5 For this will I my vows to thee
 With ev'ning incense bring;
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.

CXXII.

CXXII. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Meditations in the night season.

- 1 **W**HAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:
- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise:
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.
- 5 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear:
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart:
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.—
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

CXXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Hymn for the LORD's day.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made:
 He calls the hours his own:
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day arose our glorious head,
 And death's dread empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah! the anointed king
 Ascends his destin'd throne;
 To God your grateful homage bring,
 And his Messiah own.
- 4 Sent by his father's love, he came
 To bless our sinful race:
 Let all adore the Father's name,
 And celebrate his grace.
- 5 Adore him in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise:
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

CXXIV. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE work, O LORD, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes;
 This day proclaims it all divine—
 This day did JESUS rise.

2 We

- 2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chas'd each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.
- 3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true ;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.
- 4 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O God ! declar'd with pow'r,
And worship at thy throne.
- 5 That we possess thy word
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou father of our LORD,
Our sacrifice of praise.

CXXV. Common Metre. MRS. BARBAULD.

The LORD's day morning.

- 1 **A** GAIN the LORD of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips still join
 To hail this welcome morn;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

CXXVI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Hymn for the LORD's day morning.

- 1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected pow'rs:
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
 Where God resides appear no more:
 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
- 3 The word of life dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest!
- 4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
 O may thy word with life divine
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart!
 Then shall the day indeed be thine.

CXXVII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The pleasure and advantage of divine worship.

- 1 HAPPY the men, whom strength divine
 With ardent love and zeal inspires!
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.

2 Still

- 2 Still they pursue the painful road,
Increasing strength surmounts their fear;
Till all at length, before their God,
In Sion's glorious courts appear.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 4 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favourites of his care.
- 6 O LORD of hosts, thou GOD of grace!
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

CXXVIII. Short Metre. WATTS.

The book of nature and scripture.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker GOD;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
 Their gen'ral voice is known :
 They shew the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye British isles, rejoice ;
 Here he reveals his word :
 We are not left to nature's voice
 To bid us know the LORD.
- 5 His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes ;
 He puts his gospel in our hands,
 Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
 His truth without deceit ;
 His promises for ever sure,
 And his rewards are great.

CXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The works and word of GOD.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD ;
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run :
Till CHRIST has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Father of lights, in glory rise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :
LORD, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

CXXX. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The book of nature and scripture.

- 1 GREAT God ! the heav'ns' well-order'd
frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need,
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And distant nations know their voice :

The sun, in robes of splendour drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Moves round, and bids the earth rejoice.

- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God :
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines :
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

CXXXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God for his goodness.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul ! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 His mercy crowns our growing years ;
Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs :
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And sooths the pains which nature feels :
Redeems our souls from death, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the suff'rer rest ;

But

But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

- 6 His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his son.
- 7 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

CXXXII. Short Metre. WATTS.

Praise for spiritual and temporal blessings.

- 1 **O** BLESS the LORD, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescu'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferer rest;

The

The LORD hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

CXXXIII. Long Metre. PATRICK.

God our preserver and deliverer.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in your God;
Proclaim the praises of the LORD;
His goodness often call to mind,
And his fidelity record.
- 2 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, doth longer stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But comfort rises with the day.
- 3 With sickness worn, with grief oppress'd,
To thee we cry, for thou canst save:
Oft hast thou rais'd our sinking hopes,
Our lives oft rescu'd from the grave.
- 4 In our prosperity we said,
Our mountain stands for ever strong:
Vain thought! it is thy favour, LORD,
Alone hath made it stand so long.
- 5 For, were thy presence once withdrawn,
What troubles might our state invade!
O God! uphold us, or we fall;
We live but by thy constant aid.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to the divine goodness.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
My God demands the grateful song :
Let all my nobler powers record
The wondrous mercy of the LORD.
- 2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes ;
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial blifs ! immortal food !
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the power of time.
- 4 In him the poor oppress'd shall find
A friend almighty, just and kind ;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise.

CXXXIV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to God.

- 1 **T**HE LORD is king, his hand alone,
Has fix'd in heav'n his radiant throne ;
He sends his sov'reign laws abroad,
And heaven and earth confess the God.
- 2 Immortal form'd by pow'r divine,
Attending angels round him shine,
Observant wait his sacred will,
And his commands with joy fulfil.

- 3 Ye heavenly hosts adore the LORD,
Who form'd you to obey his word :
Let everlasting praises rise,
Thro' the bright armies of the skies.
- 4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels blefs his name ;
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the blifsful song.

CXXXVI. L. M. TATE and BRADY.

Divine goodness adored.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever blefs ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks exprefs.
- 2 'Tis he who all thy fins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound :
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd judgments slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless grace transcends
The best obedience we can pay.
- 5 Let ev'ry creature join to blefs
The mighty LORD : and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks exprefs,
And in this concert bear thy part.

CXXXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The divine mercy and truth.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the LORD of Lords renown,
 The king of kings with glory crown;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

CXXXVIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal king,
The sov'reign king of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 4 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
From error, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

CXXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

Wonders of creation, providence, and redemption.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to GOD, the sov'reign
LORD,
His mercies still endure;
And be the king of kings ador'd;
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From sin and death, and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.
- 6 Give thanks to GOD, the heav'nly king;
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing:
His truth is ever sure.

CXL. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
I For

- For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.
- 2 Be the LORD your noblest theme,
Who of Gods is God supreme ;
He, to whom all Lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride :
- 3 Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand :
He, whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky :
- 4 He, who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundation sleep ;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Thro' the boundless ether roll ;
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'rful ray
Rules the empire of the day ;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Gilds the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All who claim from thee their birth ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

CXLI. Proper Metre. MILTON.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

- 1 **L**ET us with a joyful mind
Praise the LORD, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God :

Who

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS.

115

- Who by wisdom did create
Th' heav'ns high, and all their state :
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main :
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tress'd sun,
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangl'd sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye :
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

CXLII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD ! my heart shall
join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
Now while this earth is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,

- And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
The LORD supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 6 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

CXLIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

Praise to the divine goodness.

- 1 I'LL praise my maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His

- His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 He never will with sinners dwell,
 But loves his saints, and knows them well :
 Thy God, O Christian ! ever reigns:
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

CXLIV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my God, my king,
 While I have life or breath to sing,
 Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
 'Till heaven improve the blissful song.
- 2 No more in princes vainly trust,
 Frail sons of earth : man is but dust !
 With all his pride, with all his power,
 The helpless creature of an hour.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes divine
 On Israel's guardian God recline !
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 This God is mine, my help, my stay !
- 4 His justice favours those who mourn
 Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 5 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
 His touch restores the joys of light ;
 Poor mourners rais'd confess his care ;
 He loves the humble and sincere.

- 6 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home :
 The LORD relieves the widow's cares,
 And dries the weeping orphan's tears.
- 7 But vengeance waits the impious race
 Who hate his laws, and scorn his grace ;
 Their ways to sure destruction tend,
 And all their hopes in ruin end.

CXLV. Long Metre. WATTS.

God our shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living LORD :
 My wants shall all be well supply'd ;
 His providence and holy word
 Will be my safeguard and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 In all my dark and trying scenes,
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
 Thy staff my feeble steps sustains,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 5 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,

My heart and hope shall never fail;
For God my shepherd's with me there.

CXLVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 **M**Y shepherd will supply my need;
JEHOVAH is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

CXLVII. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

1 **T**HE LORD my shepherd is;
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

1 4

2 He

- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 Tho' from his fold I stray,
He doth my steps restore,
And guides me in his own right way,
That I may err no more.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

CXLVIII. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

God our shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, my shepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 Amid the verdant flow'ry meads,
He gives me sweet repose;
When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wand'rer home;
And shews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,
Where death's dark shades appear;
Thy presence, LORD, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear.

CXLIX.

CXLIX. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Faith and hope in the divine goodness.

- 1 **L**ORD! while my thoughts with wonder
trace
Thy favours past thro' all my days;
My thankful heart adores thy grace,
I trust that goodness which I praise.
- 2 Still from the same eternal spring
Thy various, constant bounties flow;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing,
I view serene the shades of woe.
- 3 Ev'n death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest;
Thy smile, my God! forbids my fears,
While on thy gracious hand I rest.
- 4 Thro' the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye,
The distant prospect opens fair,
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

CL. Short Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The heavenly shepherd.

- 1 **W**HILE God my father's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2 To

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Great shepherd! if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

CLI. Proper Metre. MRS. ROWE.

Confidence in the divine protection.

- 1 **T**HE LORD is my defence and guide;
My wants are by his care supply'd:
He leads me to refreshing shades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry meads;
And there securely makes me lie
Near silver currents rolling by.
- 2 To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my paths with sacred light;
And to his own immortal praise,
Conducts me in his perfect ways.
In death's uncomfortable shade,
No terror can my soul invade.

3 While

- 3 While he, my strong defence, is near,
 His presence scatters every fear;
 Since he hath wondrous mercy shew'd,
 And crown'd my smiling years with good;
 The life he graciously prolongs,
 Shall be employ'd in grateful songs.

CLII. Proper Metre. ADDISON.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray;
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
 The dreary wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O LORD! art with me still;
 Thy

Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

CLIII. Long Metre. POPE'S COLLECTION.

God our shepherd and guardian.

- 1 **A**S the good shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers soft and flow,
Amidst the flow'ry landscape flow :
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps controul :
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Tho' I should journey thro' the plains
Where death in all its horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God! art with me there.
- 4 Thy ever-watchful providence
Is my support, and my defence :
With thee I am of all possest ;
To be with thee is to be blest.
- 5 O bounteous God ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

CLIV. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

The same subject.

- 1 **L**O, my shepherd is divine !
Want shall never more be mine ;

In

- In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Thro' the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 When thro' devious paths I stray,
He shall teach the better way,
Kindle virtue's dying flame,
And my erring soul reclaim.
- 4 Tho' the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
Since protected, LORD, by thee.

CLV. Proper Metre. BYROM.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE LORD is my shepherd, my guardian and guide;
Whatsoever I want, he will kindly provide:
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The LORD is my shepherd, what then shall I fear?
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?
Not, when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall my heart ever fail:

3 Tho'

- 3 Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark
way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort and
stay;
For I know by thy guidance, when once it
is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring me at last.
- 4 The LORD is become my salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd me all my life
long!
His name will I praise while I have any
breath,
Be content all my life, and resign'd in my
death.

CLVI. Common Metre. DODSLEY'S POEMS.

God the creator of mankind.

- 1 **G**OD of our lives, whose bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move!
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?
- 2 While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.
- 3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.
- 4 O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands,

Be

Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands!

CLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The wonderful formation of man.

- 1 'T'WAS from thy hand, great God! I
came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thine awful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd from the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were fram'd,
And to their proper functions nam'd;
The eye, the ear, the lungs, the heart,
Constructed with unerring art.
- 4 At length, the dawn of thought began,
And all the movements of the man:
To thee, O God! our nature pays
A tribute of immortal praise.

CLVIII. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The blessings of providence.

- 1 A LMIGHTY Father! gracious LORD!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
 How weak her brightest ray!
 How little of my God I knew!
 How apt from thee to stray!
- 4 Around my path what dangers rose!
 What snares o'er-spread my road!
 No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, God.
- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
 'Twas thy unceasing love,
 That sav'd me from impending death,
 And bade my fears remove.
- 6 LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays;
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.

CLIX. Common Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Blessings of providence and redemption.

- 1 MY God, what blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd mine eye!

How

- How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!
- 2 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store:
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 3 While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 4 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 5 My highest praise, alas, how poor!
How cold my warmest love!
Dear father! teach me to adore
As angels do above.
- 6 But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain
Claims an immortal tongue.

CLX. Proper Metre. MRS. CARTER.

Thanks to God for creation and preservation.

- 1 **T**HOU pow'r supreme, by whose com-
mand I live!
The grateful tribute of my praise receive:
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being
flow.

K

Not

- 2 Not many suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this
sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.
- 3 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul ;
- 4 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor force, nor time shall e'er
destroy ;
Which shall survive, tho' nature claim my
breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death ;
- 5 To realms of blifs with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no
more :
Author of life ! in vain my tongue essays
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.
- 6 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail ?
O may its influence in my life appear,
And ev'ry action prove my thanks sincere !

CLXI. Common Metre. BROWNE,

Universal goodness of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou art good ! all nature shews
Its mighty author kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

2 The

- 2 The whole, and ev'ry part proclaims
Thy infinite good will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from ev'ry hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heav'ns which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffus'd abroad;
Thro' ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart;
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

CLXII. Long Metre. BROWNE.

Dependence upon providence.

- 1 GREAT LORD of earth, and seas, and
skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secur'd from ev'ry harm.
- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;

- Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry rising want relieves.
- 3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing:
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.
- 4 And should thy measures seem severe,
Calmly may we thy chast'ning bear;
Without complaint to thee submit,
Thy unerring judge of what is fit!

CLXIII. Common Metre. FLEXMAN.

God our constant benefactor.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee my grateful
tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise:
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.
- 2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital pow'rs;
My time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy pow'r, my ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose!
Thy morning light renews the spring
From whence my comfort flows.

- 5 In celebration of thy praise,
 I will employ my breath;
 And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
 Will triumph over death.

CLXIV. Long Metre. TATE and BRADY.

Praise due from the righteous.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love!
 Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can recount his wondrous deeds?
 His greatness all our praise exceeds:
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 A tribute equal to his praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from his precepts never stray;
 Who know what's right, nor only so,
 But always practise what they know.
- 4 Be this my happiness, to see
 His saints in full prosperity!
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And deem his people's triumph mine!

CLXV, L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The universal goodness of God.

- 1 **T**HE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
 Their great Creator's love proclaim;
 He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
 And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth and sea and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all !

CLXVI. Short Metre. MRS. STEELE,

Obligation to gratitude and praise.

- 1 **M**Y maker, and my king !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good, and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

CLXVII.

CLXVII. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The peculiar goodness of God to his people.

- 1 **W**ITH pleasing wonder, LORD! we
view
The bounties of thy grace :
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd
For those who seek thy face !
- 2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly good
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find a richer store.
- 3 But oh ! what treasures, yet unknown,
Are lodg'd in worlds to come !
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home !
- 4 And how shall we our thanks express,
Or how thy goodness own ?
But 'tis our comfort, that to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 5 Since time's too short, all-gracious God !
To utter half thy praise ;
Loud to the honour of thy name,
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

CLXVIII. Common Metre. ADDISON.

God every where the refuge of his servants.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O LORD!
How sure is their defence !

- Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass, unhurt, thro' burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all my griefs and straits, O LORD!
Thy mercy sets me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My heart takes hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And oh! may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to thee!

CLXIX. Common Metre. ADDISON.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd,
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more;
 My ever grateful heart, O LORD!
 Thy mercy shall adore.

CLXX.

CLXX. Common Metre. ADDISON.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 **O** How shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart!—
But thou canst read it there.
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubl'd all my store.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise—
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CLXXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God.

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell:
Thy

- Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name :
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame !
- 3 In thee, my God ! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
All the rich gifts that nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
- 4 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell :
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

CLXXII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God the universal sovereign.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest hymns of praise,
To magnify JEHOVAH's name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his mighty works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, LORD ;
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
In Britain is JEHOVAH known :

Our

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our maker is our God alone.

- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His robes are majesty and light ;
His splendor, how divinely bright !
His temple, how divinely fair !
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And distant nations fear his name :
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

CLXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The true God our refuge.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due ;
Glory be thine, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Diffuse the knowledge of thy name,
Nor let the heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, " Where's the God you serv'd so
long ?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies :
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our griefs, he hears our cries.
- 4 But

- 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Unconscious of their worship stand;
From wood or stone, or glitt'ring ore,
Created, by the workman's hand.
- 5 Thy name, O LORD! our hope we make,
Thou art our refuge, and our rest:
Thy people thou wilt ne'er forsake,
But all who fear thee shall be blest.
- 6 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
But thou from silence and the grave,
Thy sleeping servants, LORD, wilt raise,
And shew the world thy pow'r to save.

CLXXIV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

Praise ye the LORD.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD a joyful song;
Earth, to his praise the note prolong,
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.
- 2 Great is the LORD, and great his praise;
What God like him our fear can raise?
Not such as heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.
- 3 Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tribe,
Pow'r, glory, strength, to him ascribe,
Yield to his name the honours due;
Oft to his courts your way pursue.
- 4 Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join:
Ye natives of each distant shore,
His pow'r revere; his name adore.

CLXXV.

CLXXV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

God the supreme judge.

- 1 **O** TELL to all whom earth sustains,
O tell them, that JEHOVAH reigns,
That all who issue from its womb,
Shall hear from him th' unerring doom.
- 2 Exult, ye heav'ns ! exult, O earth !
And, partner in the sacred mirth,
Let ocean in its fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.
- 3 Rich in its gifts, ye fields, rejoice ;
While in his praise the woods their voice
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The presence of th' approaching God.
- 4 He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the world he made :
Truth shall with him the cause decide,
And equity his sentence guide.

CLXXVI. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

The divine majesty and power.

- 1 **S**ING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal king :
Pow'r and strength to him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.
- 2 Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;
Hush'd to silence, while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

3 Now

- 3 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play;
And the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.
- 4 He the swelling surge commands,
Fix'd his throne for ever stands;
He his people shall increase,
And crown with safety and with peace.

CLXXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **G**IVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
Give to the LORD renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The LORD proclaims his pow'r aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forests bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.
- 4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the mountains shake.
The LORD sits sov'reign o'er the flood;
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

5 We

- 5 We see no terrors in his name;
 But in our God a father find :
 The voice that shakes all nature's frame,
 Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

CLXXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Rational and devout praise.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign king !
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne;
 He lov'd that chosen race :
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 3 While angels praise the heav'nly king,
 Let mortals learn their strains :
 Let all the earth his honours sing ;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

CLXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

A good life the best sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the LORD, " The spacious
 " fields,
 " And flocks and herds are mine :
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills
 " I claim a right divine.

2 " I ask

- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,
" Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
" My hand shall set thee free;
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare
" The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,
" He glorifies me best;
" And those that tread my holy ways,
" Shall my salvation taste."

CLXXX. Short Metre. WATTS.

Sincere praise.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy oh! let me spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God, my soul, ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

L

CLXXXI.

CLXXXI. Short Metre. WATTS.

God's distinguishing goodness to man.

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly king !
Thy name is all divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works above
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon thy hands have form'd,
In all her splendor rise :
- 3 When I survey the stars
That fill the vaulted sky—
LORD, what is man, that he should stand
In thy regard so high ?
- 4 Or what the son of man,
That he should be thy care ;
And in the bounties of thy grace
Possess so large a share ?
- 5 Tho' offspring of the dust
(How vast the debt we owe !)
Next to thine angels are we plac'd,
And lords of all below.
- 6 Appointed for our use
The subject beasts obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 7 How rich thy favours are !
How wondrous are thy ways !

Of

Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

CLXXXII. Long Metre. MERRICK.

The greatness and condescension of God.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER, O God! with raptur'd
eye,
I view thy wonders in the sky;
That glorious dome, which o'er our head
In rich magnificence is spread:
- 2 The silent moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round:
- 3 **L**ORD! what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share?
Or what the son of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thine ear shouldst bow?
- 4 His rank a while by thy decree
Th' angelic tribes beneath them see;
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.

CLXXXIII. P. M. WALKER'S COLLEC.

Hallelujah.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,—*Hallelujah!*
God whose glory fills the sky:
Lift your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.

* To be sung with or without the *Hallelujah*.

- 2 God his sov'reign sway maintains ;
King o'er all the earth he reigns :
All to him lift up their eye,
He does ev'ry want supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs ;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 4 Happy, who his laws obey,
Them he rules with milder sway ;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore :
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high.

CLXXXIV. P. M. SALISBURY COL-
LECTION.

Praise and thanksgiving.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy LORD,
Be thy glorious name ador'd ;
LORD, thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Tho' unworthy, LORD, thine ear,
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony ;

That

That thro' heav'n's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God! may ever sound,

- 4 LORD, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

CLXXXV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The greatness and condescension of GOD.

- 1 **O** LORD! how glorious is thy name,
Thro' the wide earth's extended frame!
Majestic glories form thy seat,
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.
- 2 When all thy shining works on high
I meditate with raptur'd eye,
The silver moon, the starry train
Which gild the fair ethereal plain:
- 3 LORD, what is man, that he should share
Thy notice, thy indulgent care?
That man, frail child of earth, should be
The fav'rite of the Deity?
- 4 His place thy forming hand assign'd
But just below th' angelic kind;
With noblest favours circled round,
And with distinguish'd honours crown'd:
- 5 Invested him with power and sway,
And bade the subject brutes obey;
Sov'reign of all thy works below,
To him the meaner creatures bow.
- 6 But still let man adoring own,
That thou, O LORD! art king alone;

And through the earth's extended frame,
Declare the glories of thy name.

CLXXXVI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Praise to God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY author of my frame !
To thee my vital powers belong ;
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme !
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.
- 2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thine ;
O be thy praise their blest employ !
But may my song with angels join,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy !
- 3 Th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear ;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere.
- 4 Great God ! accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, tho' unworthy song.

CLXXXVII. Com. Met. MRS. STEELE.

The truth and faithfulness of God.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, with prostrate joy,
I will adore thy name ;
Thy praise shall be my best employ,
Thy love and truth my theme.

2 Amid

- 2 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines :
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.
- 3 When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God! I cry'd,
With strength divine thy pow'rful grace
My fainting soul supply'd.
- 4 Th' eternal God looks kindly down,
And smiles on humble souls ;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controuls.
- 5 Thou, LORD, wilt all my hopes fulfill;
To thee the work belongs :
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs,

CLXXXVIII. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The never-ceasing goodness of God.

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful an-
thems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness
sing ;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds pro-
claim ;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
The LORD is good, his mercy never ending ;
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.
- 2 His goodness never fails; the dawn, the
shade,
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes
display'd :

Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their fathers' God.
 The deathless soul thro' its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

3 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join;
 Angels and men in harmony combine:
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

CLXXXIX. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The bounty of providence.

1 **F**ATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
 Who kindl'ft up the lamp of day;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy pow'r and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain,
 Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
 Yet millions of our guilty race,
 Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
 Affront thy law, reject thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
 But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,
 When

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 153

When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoy'd in all.

CXC. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The Divine goodness.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT, LORD! thy goodness
reigns
Thro' all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow,
Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Thro' nature's works thy glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And thou hast rais'd within our frame
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to ev'ry human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and rev'rent fear,
To know, how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song:
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong!
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your maker's praise!
- 5 Join, O my soul! the gen'ral song,
To thee its sweetest notes belong;
Blest above all by love divine,
To praise is eminently thine.

CXCI. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Praising God through the whole of our existence.

- 1 **G**OD of my life! thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise:
The

- The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would rend my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

CXCII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God the intellectual light.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD of boundless
might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 *Let there be light!* JEHOVAH said,
And light o'er all its face was spread:
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 My soul reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the LORD, who gives me light.

CXCHI. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Reverence due to the supreme governor.

- 1 THE LORD of glory reigns supremely
great,
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal seat.
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway
extends,
Nor space nor time his boundless empire
ends.
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immense
creation.
- 2 Lightnings and storms his mighty word
obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their
way:
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him
stand,
And at his signal all their wings expand:
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

- 3 Rebellious mortals! cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain:
Let clay with fellow-clay in combat strive,
But dread to brave the pow'r by which
you live:

With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore
him,

For if he frown, ye perish all before him.

CXCIV. Common Metre. SOWDEN.

Praise on earth, and hope of nobler praise in heaven.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, LORD! while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

- 2 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath:
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall cheer the gloom of death.

- 3 Then, what a nobler song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
Thy brightest glories meet my eyes,
In one eternal day!

- 4 Not angels who thy love proclaim
Thro' yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a sincerer flame,
Or praise in purer strains.

CXCV. C. M. MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual devotion.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;

And

B. I. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 157

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear;
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
That heart shall rest on thee!

CXCVI. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Praise the peculiar duty of man.

1 **L**ORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways!
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 The

158 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. I.

- 2 The heav'ns thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light;
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll:
- 4 Oh! shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can shew forth God's high praise;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime,
That earth or heav'n can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Thro' life's uncertain days:
When faith and hope are lost in joy,
We'll sing thy boundless praise.

CXCVII. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Prayer to the supreme being.

- 1 **M**Y GOD! the father of mankind,
Whose bounty all things share;
Let me thy grace my portion find:
All else beneath my care.
- 2 I ask not titles, wealth, or state,
By worldly men possess'd;
Yet shall I still be rich and great,
If virtue fill my breast.

3 Let

- 3 Let fervent charity remain
For ever in my breast :
O let me feel another's pain,
In others' joys be blest.
- 4 To charity within my heart,
Let steady faith unite ;
Nor let me from thy law depart,
Nor let me live by fight.
- 5 With patience fortify my mind,
To bear each future ill ;
In life and death alike resign'd
To thy unerring will.

CXCVIII. C. M. GENT. MAG.

A prayer to the Deity.

- 1 **W**HILE raptur'd saints adoring stand,
And burning seraphs sing,
Trembling I wait thy just command,
My father, God, and king!
- 2 Thou source of everlasting good,
Whose bounty flows to all !
Thy pow'r restrains the swelling flood ;
O hear ! to thee I call.
- 3 Thy presence fills unbounded space,
Directs the reas'ning mind :
Thro' nature's various parts we trace
Her God : her God we find.
- 4 Thy wisdom paints each springing flow'r,
And shades the blushing green :
Thy goodness falls in ev'ry show'r,
In ev'ry show'r is seen.

5 When-

5 Whene'er thy wisdom thinks it fit,
To shake this clay-built frame,
Teach me with patience to submit,
With patience bless thy name.

6 Let not the stream of partial ill
My better thoughts betray :
Let truth and reason guide me still,
Thro' virtue's peaceful way.

CXCIX. Long Metre. DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 **G**REATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee !
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs ;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon, to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great LORD of light, proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n,
And blest with reason's clearer light :
He views his maker thro' his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat JEHOVAH's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

CC. Long Metre. DYER.

The same subject.

- 1 **G**REATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and seas!
All nature feels thy pow'r, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies:
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n:
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:—
- 5 All, great Creator! all are thine:
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying stage of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppresses the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest:

M

7 All

162 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. I.

- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, LORD, obey :
And all are training men to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

CCI. P. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.

Good men invited to praise God.

- 1 **Y**E works of God ! on him alone,
His footstool earth, high heav'n his
throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd :
His hand the beauteous fabric made,
His eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good,
- 2 Ye sons of men ! his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move :
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.
- 3 Ye spirits of the just and good !
Who, panting for that blest abode,
To heav'n's bright mansions soar :
O let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more.
- 4 Praise him, ye meek and humble train !
Who shall those heav'nly joys obtain,
Prepar'd for souls sincere :

Now

Now praise him till you take your way
To regions of eternal day ;
Then reign for ever there.

CCII. C. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

Praise to God through all the changes of life.

1. **F**ATHER of mercies ! God of love !
My father, and my God !
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
2. My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys :
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise ?
3. In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear :
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.
4. In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see :
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
5. Teach me in times of deep distress
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
6. Thro' ev'ry changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

- 7 Then may I close my eyes in death,
 Free from all anxious fear :
 For death itself is life, my God !
 If thou art with me there.

CCIII. C. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Praise to God in life and death.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God!
 Thro' all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
 Be this my sweet employ :
 Devotion heightens all my bliss,
 And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
 Invades my throbbing breast,
 My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my God ;
 My life with all my active pow'rs
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
 When death shall close these eyes,
 Then shall my soul to nobler heights
 Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall my pow'rs in endless strains
 Their grateful tribute pay :
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,
 And an eternal day.

CCIV.

CCIV. C. M. TATE and BRADY.

Encouragement from the experience of God's goodness.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
That all, who are distrest,
From me may consolation take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

CCV. C. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

The LORD's prayer imitated.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all ! Eternal mind !
Immensely good and great !
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.

M 3

2 Thy

- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !
We join the solemn praise ;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy mild, thy wise and righteous reign
Let ev'ry being own :
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds
Thy blest'd commands fulfil ;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend ;
Our daily wants supply ;
With truth and virtue feed our souls,
That they may never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault ;
Oh ! let thy love forgive ;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread ;
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we would adore,
With cheerful, humble mind ;
And praise thy goodness, pow'r, and truth
Eternal, unconfi'd !

CCVI. C. M. SELECT COLLECTION.

Aspirations after the Christian temper.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, LORD of all!
Of life the only spring;
Creator of unnumber'd worlds,
Supreme, eternal king!
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit;
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known:
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food;
I ask not wealth or fame:
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.
- 7 May my still days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

CCVII. Proper Metre. MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use :
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.
- 5 These to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store :
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :

8 Should

- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:
- 9 Yet to thee our souls should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise:
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone!

CCVIII. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

The righteous prayer.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores.
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame.
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,
My fond desires allure:—
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of things unseen
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love:
- 5 These are the blessings I desire;
LORD, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

CCIX. Long Metre. DRYDEN.

Veni Creator.

- 1 **O**H! source of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were rais'd from
night:
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Purge and refine our earthly parts;
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts:
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

CCX. Common Metre. POPE.

The universal prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal LORD!
- 2 Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,

To

- To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.
- 4 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away:
For God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

CCXI. Common Metre. Poes.

The same subject.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach

- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see :
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

CCXII. Common Metre. POPE.

The universal prayer.

- 1 **M**EAN though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 LORD ! lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.
- 2 This day be bread and peace my lot :—
 But all beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
 And let thy will be done.
- 3 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;
 One chorus let all beings raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK II.

TO BE SUNG BEFORE SERMON.

CCXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

A song of praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise!
His grace he here reveals:
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest!
But when I've pass'd the vale of death,
My soul shall praise him best.

CCXIV.

CCXIV. Common Metre. WATTS,

God a hearer of prayer.

- 1 **P**RAISE in thy churches waits for thee!
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou, LORD, wilt hear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To taste thy heav'nly grace.
- 3 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The LORD is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

CCXV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Divine worship.

- 1 **L**ET the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
LORD, for thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 2 Surely the mercies of the LORD
Attend his household all their days:
There will we dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

CCXVI.

CCXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Delight in the worship of God.

- 1 **O**NE privilege my heart desires :
LORD, grant me an abode
Within the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !
- 2 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

CCXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Sincerity in the worship of God.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O LORD ! and prove my
ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart :
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ :
O lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
My God, my everlasting joy !

CCXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Public prayer and praise.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save, when humble sinners pray !
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

2 The

- 2 The praise of Sion waits for thee,
O God ! and praise becomes thy house :
Thy people here thy glory see,
And here perform their public vows.
- 3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee ;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

CCXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The presence of God in his churches.

- 1 GREAT God ! attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
One day thus spent with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 3 Eternal God ! whose boundless sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And from whose presence sinners flee !
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

CCXX. Short Metre. WATTS.

God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 EXALT the LORD our God,
And worship at his feet :
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When

- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft he made his justice known,
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the LORD our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

CCXXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Attendance on divine worship.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In God's own house let us appear,
And keep the solemn day!
- 2 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my saviour reigns.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

CCXXII. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

The house of God.

- 1 **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring,
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

CCXXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal king,
Attend his holy place :
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high :
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Sion cheers our hearts,
With kind and quick'ning rays ;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

CCXXIV.

CCXXIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God in his house.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate!
- 2 Praise ye the LORD: the LORD is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
Thro' ev'ry age the LORD declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod:
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known, th' ALMIGHTY GOD!

CCXXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Acceptable worship.

- 1 LORD, who among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 2 This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The king of glory's face.
- 3 The king of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

CCXXVI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy:
The spacious firmament around,
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine;
His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing:
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 4 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir:
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the LORD.

CCXXVII. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The house of prayer.

- 1 **G**REAT father of mankind!
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of pray'r!
- 2 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;

And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows :
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Sion's hill.

CCXXVIII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The divine blessing implored.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of life and thought!
 Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
 Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own,
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face,
 The willing subjects of thy grace ;
 And thro' each path of duty move,
 With filial awe, and filial love.

CCXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound :
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Through their redeemer's name :
 His promises exalt their hope ;
 And who shall dare condemn ?
- 3 The LORD, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives :
 Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

CCXXX. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest !
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abra'm first ;
His truth fulfils the grace :
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

CCXXXI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The holiness of God.

- 1 **T**HE GOD JEHOVAH reigns !
Let all the nations fear :
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine :
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 3 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God invisible.

- 1 **O**UR pow'rs, O GOD ! are too confin'd,
To reach thy infinite abode :
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half-way to GOD.
- 2 The LORD of glory builds his seat
Of gems superlatively bright ;
And spreads beneath his sacred feet,
Impervious clouds of gloomy night.
- 3 Yet, LORD, thy penetrating eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above :
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies :—
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

CCXXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God's condescension to our worship.

- 1 **A**ND will th' Eternal dwell with us ?
Thy goodness, LORD, o'erwhelms our
souls :
To tempt thy chariot downward thus,
What canst thou find beneath the poles ?
- 2 JEHOVAH fills his heav'nly throne,
While angels raise their loftiest songs :
But still he condescends to own
The humble tribute of our tongues.
- 3 Great GOD ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;
But thy compassion's all divine.

CCXXXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the LORD,
My saviour and my shield!
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

CCXXXV. Short Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the gospel.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

CCXXXVI.

CCXXXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Light and salvation by JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **B**E ev'ry vale exalted high ;
Sink ev'ry mountain low :
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall God's salvation know.
- 2 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord :
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the LORD.
- 3 Behold the morning star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit !
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.

CCXXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **M**Y gracious, my almighty friend !
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace !
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
My father, and my God !

CCXXXVIII.

CCXXXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Salvation by CHRIST.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
 The souls that fear and trust the LORD;
 And grace descending from on high,
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again;
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
 In our redeemer's gentle reign.

CCXXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

A hymn of praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath pow'r divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty LORD!
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
 Their off'rings round thy throne:
 For thou alone dost wondrous things,
 For thou art GOD alone.
- 3 LORD, I would walk with holy feet:
 Teach me thine heav'nly ways;
 And all my noblest pow'rs unite,
 In GOD my father's praise.

CCXL. Short Metre. WATTS.

God's universal dominion.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, the sov'reign king,
 Hath fix'd his throne on high;
 O'er

O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will!
Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul!
Shalt sing his praises too.

CCXLI. Common Metre. WATTS.

God's faithfulness to his promises.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God, adore his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Thro' all the earth his deeds proclaim,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

CCXLII.

CCXLII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God for his goodness.

- 1 **T**O God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest!
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 O may I see thy saints rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, LORD, to be
Still join'd with them, and near to thee.

CCXLIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the LORD,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name for ever blest:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.
- 2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal GOD compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

CCXLIV.

CCXLIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God from all nations.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations praise the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue:
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

CCXLV. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
O let his glorious name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from thore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CCXLVI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty LORD!
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far

190 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. II.

- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure ;
Till morning light, and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

CCXLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The benefit of public ordinances.

- 1 **L**ORD! in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy mercy and adore:
Here we behold thy blisful face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r,
2 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side:
And when my feet shall hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CCXLVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Prayer for divine aids.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose bright celestial ray
Our shades and darkness turns to day!
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
2 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the wind.

CCXLIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

Voluntary obedience.

1 NOT by the terrors of a slave,
Do men perform thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
Thy blest commands fulfil.

2 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

3 O happy men! O glorious state
Of thy abounding grace;
To dwell so near their father's seat,
And see his blissful face!

CCL. Long Metre. WATTS.

The excellency of the christian religion.

1 GREAT GOD, how well thy truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how sure they be!
How firm our hope, and comfort stands!

2 Tho' we should trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There can be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.

3 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn as vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

CCLI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The equity of the divine government.

- 1 **T**HY throne, O God! for ever stands;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
 Thy works, thy laws, are just and right,
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 2 How few with pious care record
 The wondrous dealings of the LORD!
 But wise observers still shall find
 The LORD is holy, just, and kind.
- 3 O may thy love inspire my tongue;
 Let thy salvation be my song;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The LORD, my strength and righteousness.

CCLII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The divine benignity.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, LORD, thy love has wrought
 Exceed our praise, surpass our thought:
 Should we attempt the long detail,
 Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.
- 2 Let all the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the LORD:
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

CCLIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Security in God.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as th' eternal hills,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
 That leans, O LORD! on thee.

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 193

- 2 Not walls nor hills should guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, gracious God ! with those,
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

CCLIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

God's kind regard to the righteous.

- 1 IF GOD afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear ?
His holy soul abhors their ways.
- 2 The righteous LORD loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

CCLV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise to God.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Thou, LORD, art worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

O

3 Let

- 3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

CCLVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Praise.

- 1 **L**ET heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky
To celebrate his praise.
- 2 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.
- 3 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs!
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

CCLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The divine mercy and truth.

- 1 **N**OW to the LORD, a joyful song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God;
And his rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 195

- 3 For ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the LORD:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

CCLVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Praise for temporal blessings.

- 1 **W**E bless the LORD, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and
food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground:
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
3 To his kind care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
He helps the weak, and guards the strong;
Safety and health to God belong.

CCLIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The eternity of God.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the
ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' Eternal God.
2 Thy years, O LORD! can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime:

Eternity's thy dwelling-place,
And Ever is thy time.

- 3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past;
God fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our ages waste.

CCLX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The eternity of God.

- 1 **G**OD spake the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 2 The race of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

CCLXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Reliance on an unchangeable God.

- 1 **O**UR days are like the flow'rs that fade;
And life's declining light
Grows fainter, till the length'ning shade
Sinks in the gloom of night.
- 2 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

CCLXH. Common Metre. WATTS.

God the only consolation.

- 1 **S**ENSE can afford no real joy
To those who feel thy frown:
LORD, 'tis thy hand that lifts me high,
Thy hand that casts me down.
- 2 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll;
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

CCLXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Hope in distress.

- 1 **H**OW long, O LORD! shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?
- 2 If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night:
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
- 3 Whate'er my anxious thoughts suggest,
Thou art my hope, and thou my rest:
My heart shall taste thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

CCLXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Hope and dependence on God.

- 1 **T**HE LORD can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
O 3 Make

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

- 2 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
Since God ensures the crop.
- 3 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

CCLXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The wisdom of GOD in the formation of man.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
LORD, 'tis thy work; I own the hand
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thine eye, with nicest care, survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 3 Thine awful glories round me shine,
And show thy wondrous skill:
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

CCLXVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The mercies of GOD innumerable.

- 1 **L**ORD, since in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

- 2 I might survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand upon the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The endless wonders of thy grace.
- 3 These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

CCLXVII. Long Metre. PATRICK.

Joy in the divine government.

- 1 COME, let us all unite our joys,
And to the LORD our voices raise:
Before his gracious presence come,
With thankful hearts and hymns of praise.
- 2 We are the people of his care,
The sheep that on his pastures live:
To him that made us, let us kneel,
And humble adoration give.
- 3 O let your cheerful temper shew,
The God you serve is good and kind:
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And wait with joy for those behind.

CCLXVIII. Long Metre. PATRICK.

The same subject.

- 1 GOD reigns! let all the earth rejoice:
For tho' thick darkness may surround,
And cloud his ways of providence,
Justice and mercy is their ground.

- 2 Seeds of immortal light and bliss
 For truly pious men are sown :
 A joyful harvest will at length
 Their labours and their sorrows crown.

CCLXIX. Long Metre. PATRICK.

The divine bounty and compassion.

- 1 **A**LL ye his works, that subject are
 In ev'ry place to his controul,
 Bless ye the LORD ; and thou, with them,
 Join in his praises, O my soul !
- 2 He satisfies thy mouth with food,
 And all thy just desires supplies :
 He makes declining strength return,
 And to renewed youth arise.
- 3 As heav'n is high above the earth,
 Thy pity, LORD, transcends our love ;
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Thy mercy does our sins remove.

CCLXX. Long Metre. PATRICK.

The good shepherd.

- 1 **G**OD is my shepherd, who will see
 That all my wants be well supply'd ;
 I shall not be expos'd to wrong,
 Nor left to stray without a guide.
- 2 His comforts, which revive my soul,
 Life's toilsome journey pleasant make ;
 And in the peaceful ways of grace
 He leads me, for his goodness' sake.

CCLXXI.

CCLXXI. Long Metre. PATRICK.

Divine equity and goodness.

- 1 **Y**E righteous, in the LORD rejoice,
And let his praise be your delight:
For praise is lovely, and becomes
The lips of those whose hearts are right.
- 2 God's word is, like its author, good;
His law from all injustice free;
His promise sure; and all his works
Are done in truth and equity.
- 3 To this great LORD of heav'n and earth
Let our supreme regards be shown;
Let all the world his awful pow'r
With humble adoration own.

CCLXXII. Common Metre. PATRICK.

The providence of God.

- 1 **B**EYOND the limits of the sky,
Thy mercy, LORD, extends;
Thy faithfulness the narrow bounds
Of time and space transcends.
- 2 LORD, who can duly prize that love
Thou bearest to the just?
Under thy providence and care
Good men securely trust.
- 3 To those who in thy love confide,
Thy kindness still impart;
And all thy promises fulfil
To men of upright heart.

CCLXXIII.

CCLXXIII. Short Metre. PATRICK.

Virtuous desires.

- 1 **G**OD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shews to all
Who him in truth obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 Oh! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built,

CCLXXIV. Long Metre. PATRICK,

God our consolation.

- 1 **O** GOD, the spring of all my joys!
For thee I long, to thee I look;
No chaced hart e'er panted more
To reach the cooling water-brook.
- 2 Thy mercy and thy truth display;
That, by the conduct of thy light,
Thy courts above I may attain,
And live for ever in thy sight,

- 3 Oft have I found thy worship here
 My soul above its sorrows raise;
 And thence again I'll seek relief,
 Till my sad heart shall learn to praise.
- 4 I've found a remedy at last,
 To keep my passions calm and still:
 I'm nearer help by hope in God,
 And resignation to his will.

CCLXXV. L. M. TATE and BRADY.

The providence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, of thy goodness all partake:
 Then with assurance shall the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints in thy protection trust.
- 2 With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

CCLXXVI. Common Metre. STERNHOLD.

Praise to God.

- 1 **G**IVE to the LORD, ye potentates,
 Give ye with one accord,
 All praise and honour, might and strength,
 Unto the living LORD.
- 2 Give glory to his holy name,
 And honour him alone:
 Give worship to his majesty,
 Before his lofty throne.

3 The

- 3 The Lord shall give his people strength,
And bless them with increase;
And he will crown his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

CCLXXVII. Long Metre. PARNELL.

A desire to praise.

- 1 FATHER, and Lord of all! to thee
With humble soul I bend my knee;
My wishes send, my wants impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart.

- 2 O parent, bountifully kind!
Warm, and possess, and fill my mind;
And let my father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me.

CCLXXVIII. Proper Metre. PARNELL.

The pleasures of divine love.

- 1 HEAV'NLY Father! God of love!
Look with mercy from above;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them fill and cheer my soul.

- 2 Love celestial, ardent fire!
O extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,
Swift o'er all my mental frame,

- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of sense:

Let

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 205

Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.

CCLXXIX. Long Metre. PARNELL.

The soul in sorrow.

- 1 **W**ITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Father, LORD of life on high!
And on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dew's of blessing gently shed.
- 2 Whene'er I breathe the mournful sigh,
Look down with mercy's gracious eye:
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within.
- 3 To my faint soul refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy.

CCLXXX. Book of Devotions, ROVEN.

Trust and submission.

- 1 **W**AKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild LORD commands:
Each word of his will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.
- 2 Hear how his sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds:
Whate'er our state and temper are,
Still some fit work he finds.

- 3 They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray ;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober way.
- 4 Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes attend ;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

CCLXXXI. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

Ascription of praise to God.

- 1 **I** AM the first, and I the last ;
Time centres all in me :
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And ever more shall be.
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

CCLXXXII. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

The condescension of God.

- 1 **A** MIDST the heav'nly pow'rs sublime,
God's throne is fix'd on high ;
And thro' eternity he hears
The praises of the sky.
- 2 Yet, looking down, he visits oft
The humble, hallow'd cell :
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis his delight to dwell :

3 The

3 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer;
And, from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.

4 With him dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race:
The men whom he has form'd shall find
A refuge in his grace.

CCLXXXIII. C. M. STERNHOLD.

The majesty of God.

1 **T**HE LORD descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'n's most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubs and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

CCLXXXIV. Proper Metre. FAWCETT.

Universal praise.

1 **P**RAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul! with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For

208 HYMNS AND PSALMS: BUILT

- 2 For ten thousand blessing given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound JEHOVAH's praise on high.

CCLXXXV. P. M. TOPLADY'S COLLEC.

God unchangeable.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis he is the first and the last,
Whose hand shall conduct us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CCLXXXVI. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLEC.

True resignation.

- 1 **W**ITH God my friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray:
Each object smiles, all nature charms;
I sing my cares away.
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind:
To his unerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.
- 3 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies:
Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

CCLXXXVII.

CCLXXXVII. Long Metre. NEWTON.

The love of God better than life.

- 1 **M**ORE of thy presence, LORD, impart;
More of thy image let me bear :
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And thence derive my joy and strength ;
To see thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 3 Grant these requests,—I ask no more ;
But to thy care the rest resign :
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

CCLXXXVIII. Long Metre. NEWTON.

Before sermon.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER us, we pray thee, LORD,
With those who love thy gracious
name ;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.
- 2 To us thy great salvation show ;
Give us a taste of love divine ;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

CCLXXXIX. L. M. ORATORIO OF
RUTH.*Light and comfort from God.*

- 1 **B**ELOW, perpetual change appears ;
The seasons mark the rolling years :
Not always black the prospect lours,
Nor clouds drop down incessant show'rs.
- 2 Though darkness long encompasses round
My paths, and ev'ry prospect bound ;
If God be kind, his cheering ray
Shall turn my darkness into day.

CCXC. Long Metre. ORATORIO OF THE
PRODIGAL SON.*The gratitude of the heart.*

- 1 **T**O pay our God the tribute due,
Faint is utterance, words are few :
The bended knee, and prostrate heart,
Our grateful thanks can best impart.
- 2 What the weak fault'ring tongue denies,
The fulness of the soul supplies :
Yet all your feeble efforts try,
Lift up your voices, lift them high.
- 3 When feeling hearts their thanks prefer,
Each sigh, each thought, to heav'n is dear :
Our God, who reigns in endless state,
Is mild as just, and kind as great.

CCXCI. C. M. FROM THE SAME.

Happiness seated in the mind.

- 1 **I**N vain, alas ! from shore to shore,
In search of bliss we roam,
And strange delights abroad explore;
Our best reside at home.
- 2 Within the just and pious heart,
Our truest joys we find;
Which calm and sweet repose impart,
And leave no sting behind.

CCXCII. C. M. FROM THE SAME.

The returning penitent.

- 1 **O** LORD ! when man's o'erwhelm'd
with guilt,
His pangs with pity see;
'Waken remorse within his breast,
And turn his heart to thee.
- 2 O let the spirit of thy grace
His wand'ring sense reclaim;
That yet the sinner may repent,
And live to praise thy name.

CCXCIII. Long Metre. ORATORIO OF
PARADISE LOST.

The divine mercy and compassion.

- 1 **W**HEN pious hearts, with zeal un-
feign'd,
The lofty throne of heav'n address,

The king of kings an ear will lend,
To pity, to relieve and bless.

- 2 How righteous, LORD, are all thy ways!
And thy decrees just, holy, pure!
How worthy of our highest praise!
And shall for ever still endure.

CCXCIV. Long Metre. ORATORIO OF THE
FALL OF EGYPT.

Humility and retirement.

- 1 **H**OW vain is grandeur's purple pride!
And guards, and roofs of gold, how
vain!
Through circling guards may sorrow glide,
And gilded roofs are claim'd by pain.
- 2 Give me, great GOD! unknown to dwell,
Remote from pomp, and care, and strife;
Secure from passions that rebel,
And shelter'd from the storms of life.

CCXCV. L. M. GENTLEMAN'S MA-
GAZINE.

GOD our guide and portion.

- 1 **T**EACH me, O Thou! that teacher art
Of ev'ry duty here below:
The number of my days impart,
And be my guide where'er I go.
- 2 When chasten'd, let me kiss the rod;
I wish no transient joy to claim:

Be

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 213

Be thou my portion, O my God!
Thro' heav'n's eternal year the same.

CCXCVI. Long Metre. BLACKLOCK.

God's compassion to human weakness.

- 1 GREAT God! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or passion, should prevail
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray:
- 2 On thy compassion I rely;
Let not thy frowns my faults reprove;
Regard me with a father's eye,
And guide me with a father's love.

CCXCVII. L. M. POPE'S COLLECTION.

Paraphrase of the LORD's prayer.

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love,
And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.
- 2 LORD, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
O let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us ev'ry hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
Be thine the glory evermore!

CCXCVIII. C. M. LINDSEY'S COLLEC.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 **N**OW let thy servant die in peace,
From this vain world dismiss'd :
I've seen thy great salvation, LORD!
And hasten to my rest.
- 2 Thy long-expected grace, disclos'd
Before thy people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
Thy promises all true.
- 3 This is the sun, whose cheering ray
Through heathen darkness spreads,
Pours glory round thy chosen race,
And blessings on their heads.

CCXCIX. L. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Praise due to God from all his creatures.

- 1 **T**O GOD, whose glories are display'd
Thro' all the earth, thro' all the skies,
Be universal honours paid,
Let everlasting worship rise.
- 2 Let creatures, various as they are,
To God united glory give :
Alike they want their maker's care,
Alike they on his bounty live,

CCC. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise !

To

To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road:
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

CCCI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Trust in God.

1 **T**HY judgments, LORD! are deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds:
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all our praise exceeds.

2 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

3 Salvation to the LORD belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

CCCII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Gratitude.

1 **L**ORD! when my thoughts delighted rove,
Amidst the wonders of thy love;
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids my fears and doubts depart.

- 2 Be all my heart, and all my ways,
Devoted to thy fervent praise;
And let my glad obedience prove,
How much I owe, how much I love.

CCCIII. Long Metre. BOYSE.

Acceptable worship.

- 1 COME! pay the worship God requires,
Inflam'd with chaste, and holy fires.
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.
- 2 When piety, and truth refin'd
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

CCCIV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

Delight and confidence in God.

- 1 O SAY, in heav'n's capacious round,
What friend like thee my soul has
found?
Or who, Great God! on earth resides,
Whose love with thine my breast divides?
- 2 My heart and flesh shall fail; but thee
My lasting heritage I see:
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

CCCV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

Confidence in God.

- 1 FATHER of all! my soul defend,
On thee my steadfast hopes depend!
Thee

- Thee let me bless, the faithful guide,
Whose counsels o'er my life preside.
- 2 Though to the grave I must descend,
(For thus has heav'n's high will ordain'd)
Yet hope e'en there, my constant guest,
Shall smooth the pillow of my rest.
- 3 Though death awhile reign o'er my frame,
Thou from the grave my life wilt claim;
And to my eyes, in full survey,
The op'ning paths of life display :
- 4 Those paths that to thy presence bear ;
For plenitude of bliss is there ;
And pleasures, LORD, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

CCCVI. Common Metre. MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the will of God.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of good ! we rest on thee :
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh ! let thy pow'r within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill :

- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply :
 The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

CCCVII. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET thy various realms, O earth !
 Praises yield to heav'n's high LORD :
 Praise him, all of human birth,
 And his wondrous acts record.
- 2 See his mercy o'er our land
 Spread its ever-healing wing,
 And his truth thro' ages stand :
 Praise, O praise th' eternal king !

CCCVIII. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

Praise to God.

- 1 **T**HEE, O God inthron'd above !
 Thee my lips shall sing, whose love
 To my voice attention gave,
 Prompt to hear, and strong to save.
- 2 Safe in Israel's LORD confide ;
 He is God, and none beside :
 Thee, my God ! in lengthen'd lays,
 Thee my raptur'd lips shall praise.

CCCIX. Long Metre. MERRICK.

Prayer and praise.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' eternal King,
 Your grateful hymns triumphant sing :
 May

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 219

May pious joy your hearts inflame,
While you his glorious praise proclaim.

- 2 And may the God, whose pow'r has made
The earth, and heav'n's wide arch display'd,
Never from you his sons remove
The blessings of a father's love.

CCCX. Long Metre. MERRICK.

God's power and providence.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose all-disposing sway,
The heav'ns, the earth, and seas obey:
Whose might thro' all extent extends,
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends:
2 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now bids the pregnant vapours rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands:
3 Now from thy store-house, built on high,
Permits th' imprison'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep.
4 Thee do we praise, eternal King!
Of life and good th' exhaustless spring!
To thee our cheerful voices raise:
What theme so well deserves our praise?

CCCXI. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 **P**RAISE, O praise, the name divine!
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine:

Let

- Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme :
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise.
- 3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ ;
And in one great chorus join :
Praise, O praise, the name divine !

CCCXII. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 GREAT source of all that we enjoy,
From whom our comforts flow !
To thee, who dost our souls reclaim,
Eternal thanks we owe.
- 2 Though the vast debt we ne'er can pay
Of gratitude and love ;
Yet grant us, LORD, thine aid divine,
Thy goodness to improve.
- 3 Be this, on earth, our chief delight,
Our feeble songs to join ;
In heav'n, we'll celebrate thy praise
In anthems more divine.

CCCXIII. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Confidence in God.

- 1 GREAT God ! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy pow'r and might,
The universe displays.

2 In

- 2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.
- 3 O may thy gracious presence, LORD,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

CCCXIV. Long Metre. MRS. ROWE.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favour and thy tender care?
- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shad'wing wings' defence,
I'll place my only confidence:
In ev'ry danger and distress,
To thee will I my pray'r address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

CCCXV. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God the portion of good men.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight;

It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring flow'rs !
Nor time nor death can break that band,
Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust :
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

CCCXVI. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God a refuge in adversity.

1 **H**OW firm the saint's foundations stand,
Nor can his hopes remove ;
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,
And shelter'd by his love.

2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine through all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.

3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy ;
Which no afflictions can controul,
Nor death itself destroy.

CCCXVII. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Divine mercy in affliction.

1 **G**REAT ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy pow'r divine :
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 223

- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will;
And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

CCCXVIII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God's name a foundation of trust.

- 1 **A**WAKE our noblest pow'rs to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father, and God of Christ his son.
- 2 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' pray'r;
Nor can the upright e'er complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear?
While God still owns his ancient name;
The same his pow'r, his love the same.

CCCXIX. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Sion.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims! for the way,
That leads to Sion's hill;
And thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;

And

And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent pray'r.

- 4 Come let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows
With willing hearts and hands.

CCCXX. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The knowledge of God.

- 1 **V**AIN are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur, and their praise,
Is in God's presence lost.

- 2 To know the author of our frame,
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

- 3 For this I long, for this I pray;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

CCCXXI. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The good man's prospect for time and eternity.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the LORD,
Shall tell its joys abroad;

And

B. II. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 225

And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God!

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in his long-experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace on Sion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

CCCXXII. Short Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God's care, a remedy for ours.

1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!—
Come cast your burdens on the LORD,
And trust his constant care.

2 His providence is kind:
Let saints securely dwell:
The hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 O why should anxious fears
Disturb your restless mind?
Haste to your heav'nly father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

CCCXXIII. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Grace perfected in glory.

1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various, how divine!

Q

Full

Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they shine.

2 God to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, thro' suff'rings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

CCCXXIV. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn of praise.

1 **O** PRAISE ye the LORD, prepare a new
song,
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music di-
vine.

2 Let praise to the LORD, who made us,
ascend,
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king:
The God, whom we worship, our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring
we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each
morn:
For those who obey him, are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then

- 4 Then praise ye the LORD, prepare a glad
song,
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music di-
vine.

CCCXXV. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 **G**OD, our kind Master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man
is dust :
His ear is open to the softest cry ;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.
2 He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere :
He marks the dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
3 Oh ! set me from all earthly bondage free ;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee :
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets
cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

CCCXXVI. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The same subject.

- 1 **I**F friendless in the vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns per-
plex my way ;

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on
thee.

- 2 In ev'ry creature, LORD, I own thy pow'r;
In each event thy providence adore:
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear con-
troul.
- 3 Then, when at last I quit this transient scene,
Help me to leave it with a heart serene:
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

CCCXXVII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in the divine promise and perfections.

- 1 **T**HY promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face:
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God!—but to thy throne of grace?
- 2 My thoughts recal thy favours past,
In many a dark and trying hour;
Thy kind support my heart confess'd,
And own'd thy wisdom, love and pow'r.
- 3 And still these bright perfections shine;
Eternal their unclouded rays:
Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
And just and right are all thy ways.

CCCXXVIII. P. M. MRS. MASTERS.

The pleasures of religion.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
2 'Tis

- 'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be,
Lasting as Eternity:
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

CCCXXIX. Proper Metre. MISS DAY.

Attendance upon religious institutions.

- 1 I'LL blefs JEHOVAH's glorious name,
Whose goodness heav'n and earth pro-
claim,
With ev'ry morning light;
And at the close of ev'ry day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me thro' the night.
- 2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ:
The day that saw my Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With ev'ry sacred joy.
- 3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
I'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my departing LORD;
And while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I'll pursue,
And meditate his word.

CCCXXX. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Entreating the presence of God in his churches,

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints !
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 Dear Father ! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
Make earth a heav'n appear.

CCCXXXI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Life and safety in God alone.

- 1 THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend !—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 3 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

CCCXXXII.

CCCXXXII. Short Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Desiring the gracious presence of God.

- 1 **D**EAR source of all my joys,
And solace of my care!
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice,
And grant my humble prayer!
- 2 All envious clouds remove;
Thy cheering light restore:
Confirm my interest in thy love,
Till I can doubt no more.
- 3 Then if my troubles rise,
To thee, my God! I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
And cast my cares on thee.

CCCXXXIII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in the divine mercy.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT still to my request,
How free thy tender mercies are!
With full consent my thoughts attest,
My gracious God! thy faithful care.
- 2 The hand that holds the rod, I see;
That gentle hand I must adore:
That goodness how divinely free,
Which my expectant hopes implore!
- 3 Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,
Or at the needful stroke repine:
Thine ear attends to my complaint;
The tenderest pity, LORD, is thine.

CCCXXXIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Filial submission.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father, God!"
LORD, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

CCCXXXV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Gratitude and devotion.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to the LORD,
Or how his wondrous grace record?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.
- 2 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day;
In life and death the saints shall find
Their guardian God for ever kind.
- 3 Thy servant, LORD, is wholly thine,
By nature's ties, and bonds divine:
From deep distress and sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to thee.

CCCXXXVI.

CCCXXXVI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The favour of God.

- 1 VAIN is the toilsome search of good
In all things here below :
Thy smile alone, my gracious God !
Can real bliss bestow.
- 2 Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs,
With gladness fills my heart :
No joy increasing affluence brings,
Such pleasure can impart.
- 3 My days by thy kind presence blest,
From thee my safety flows ;
Thy favour guards my nightly rest,
And gives me sweet repose.

CCCXXXVII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Searching after happiness.

- 1 O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream !
Where is thy substance found ?
Sought thro' the varying scenes, in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 Religion's sacred lamp alone
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines
With unpolluted ray,
- 3 To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies ;
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
In endless prospect rise.

CCCXXXVIII.

CCCXXXVIII. Com. Met. MRS. STEELE.

Everlasting praise.

- 1 **M**Y God! my king! to thee I'll raise
My voice, and all my pow'rs:
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK III.

ADAPTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

CCCXXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The all-seeing God,

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 My

- 3 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there!

CCCXL. Long Metre. WATTS.

The universal presence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, could I e'er so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
How could I 'scape thy searching eye?
Where from thine awful presence fly?
- 2 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 3 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 4 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon:
Mid-

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 237

Midnight and noon in this agree—
Great God ! they're both alike to thee.

- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest :
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, — for God is there.

CCCXLI. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, LORD, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all furrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge ! deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee :—
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee !

CCCXLII.

CCCXLII. Long Metre. BLACKLOCK.

God's omniscience and omnipresence.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all ! omniscient mind !
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend ?
- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
 What dark recess, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
- 3 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
 Thy prospect to elude, I rise ;
 In splendor there, supremely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
 Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore ;
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
 It glows in ev'ry vital part ;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know !
 Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
 To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 239

CCCXLIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Natural and moral providence.

- 1 **T**HE world of nature, LORD, is thine,
The darkness and the day :
Thou didst command the morn to shine,
And mark the sun's bright way.
- 2 Thy pow'r hath trac'd the winding coast;
Hath giv'n the sea its bounds ;
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds.
- 3 Oh ! who can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears ?
Though heav'n should blaze with dreadful
light,
The earth lies still, and fears.
- 4 While God, in his mysterious ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

CCCXLIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Past deliverances a ground of future hope.

- 1 **I**N Judah, God of old was known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his lofty throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And thus secure their flight.
- 3 At thy rebuke, eternal God !
Both horse and chariot fell :
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
- 4 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn
In ages long before !
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

CCCXLV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land ;
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap :
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?

Why

Why did' ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the terror Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The king of Israel: see him here!
Tremble, thou earth! adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the LORD.

CCCXLVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Trust in God derived from past dispensations of providence.

1 I'LL meditate his works of old;
The king that reigns above!
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

2 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls:
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

3 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come:
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

4 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea;
Thy footsteps, LORD, unknown;
And terrors mark'd the wondrous way
That brought thy mercies down.

R

5 Thy

- 5 Thy voice, tremendous in the sound !
Through clouds and darkness broke :
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 6 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd :
How glorious is the LORD !
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world :
His saints his name ador'd.
- 7 He gave them water from the rock :
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert, led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.

CCCXLVII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The captivity of the Jews.

- 1 **W**HERE Babel's rivers winding stray,
A silent, cool retreat we chose;
There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
And ponder'd o'er our mighty woes.
- 2 Our mighty woes increasing rise,
Revolving Sion's hapless fate;
And louder griefs and streaming eyes,
Deplore her wretched, ruin'd state.
- 3 No more could music sooth our cares;
Our harps neglected and unstrung,
Vanish'd their once delightful airs,
All silent on the willows hung.
- 4 Far from our dear-lov'd native soil,
Shall we resume the pleasing lay?
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
Or ever-wasting grief be gay?

- 5 If I forget thy ruin'd state,
Jerusalem, my heart's desire!
Then let my useless hand forget
Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.
- 6 If I indulge a mirthful song,
Or thy dear name my mem'ry leave;
All silent, let my faithless tongue
Fast to my mouth for ever cleave.
- 7 Jerusalem, lamented name!
Shall still my mournful voice employ:
And I the sadly-pleasing theme
Prefer to ev'ry thought of joy.

CCCXLVIII. C. M. ORATORIO OF RUTH,

The return of liberty and peace.

- 1 **D**ESERTED now the verdant fields,
No lowing herds appear;
No golden grain the harvest yields,
No grapes the vineyards bear.
- 2 Our harps upon the willows hung,
We sat in silent grief:
The voice of joy forsook our tongue,
And tears were our relief.
- 3 **J**EHOVAH saw our sad distress,
He pitied and arose:
Swift to his sons he brings redress,
And scatters all our foes.
- 4 Hail, liberty! hail, balmy peace!
Our wonted joys restore:
At thy return our sorrows cease,
And Judah mourns no more.

244 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 5 See the blest change ! the verdant fields,
New cloth'd, with herds appear ;
The golden grain the harvest yields ;
Rich grapes the vineyards bear.

CCCXLIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The divine power and wisdom a ground of trust.

- 1 **H**AST thou not heard, hast thou not
known,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who form'd the earth and sky ?
2 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail,
When comes thy evil day ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay ?
3 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r,
The rock of ages stands :
Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.
4 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.

CCCL. Long Metre. — WATTS.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 **T**HEY that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.

2 If

- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life ; his wings are spread,
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Still they are safe : the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the LORD,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, LORD, to thee.

CCCLI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Protection and deliverance.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare !
Come, make the LORD your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them," saith the LORD ;
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.
- 3 " My grace shall answer when they call ;
" In trouble I'll be nigh :
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.

R 3

4 " Those

- 4 " Those that on earth my name have known
 " I'll honour them in heav'n ;
 " There my salvation shall be shewn,
 " And endless life be given."

CCCLII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Divine protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives ;
 There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood :
 The heav'ns, with all their hosts, he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day :
 He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 His servants, thus divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest :
 Their holy guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite their head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast their couch ; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire from far.
- 6 With fiercest rage should malice burn,
 Still they shall go, and still return,
 Safe in the LORD ; his heav'nly care
 Defends their lives from ev'ry snare.

CCCLIII.

CCCLIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

God our preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust the LORD
To keep my mortal breath:

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
He call me home.

CCCLIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 **M**Y GOD! my father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine?
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This only can my fears controul,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart;
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy ways, great GOD! are little known
To my weak erring fight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

- 7 My God! my father! blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

CCCLV. Common Metre. WATTS.

God the defence of his people.

- 1 **T**HE LORD of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide;
When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide.
- 3 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 What though the hosts of sin and death
All arm'd against me stood;
Vain fears no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is in God.
- 5 Ye groundless terrors, then, begone!
My confidence is here:
The man who truly fears his God,
Should know no other fear.

CCCLVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The safety of good men amidst national calamities.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid !
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 'Midst storms and tempests, LORD, thy
word
Does all our raging fears controul :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

CCCLVII. Common Metre. PITT.

God our refuge.

- 1 **O**N God we build our sure defence,
In God our hopes repose :
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our woes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood ;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

3 With

- 3 With wonder see what mighty pow'r
Our sacred Sion cheers:
Lo! where amidst her stately walls,
Her God, her God appears!
- 4 Hither, ye num'rous nations! crowd,
In silent rapture stand;
And see o'er all the earth display'd
The wonders of his hand.
- 5 Attend, and hear his awful voice:
"Be still, and know the LORD;
"By all the Heathen I'll be fear'd;
"By all the earth ador'd."
- 6 We to the mighty LORD of hosts
Securely will resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

CCCLVIII. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Affurance of the divine presence.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious LORD!
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right-hand, which form'd the earth
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 On thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care:
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.

CCCLIX.

CCCLIX. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The majesty of God.

- 1 **Y**E weak inhabitants of c'ay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 3 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 4 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God! to thee.

CCCLX. Long Metre. MERRICK.

The wisdom and righteousness of providence asserted.

- 1 **T**HINE is the throne, beneath thy reign,
Great King of kings! the tribes profane
Behold their dream of conquest o'er,
And vanish to be seen no more.
- 2 What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire!
Through sin's dark mazes can inquire?
What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes
Such awful judgments can oppose?

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 253

- 3 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injur'd cause:
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a father find.
- 4 Thou, LORD, thy servants' wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed:
'Tis thine the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe away the starting tear:
- 5 To vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
To rescue from oppression's jaws,
To curb the haughty tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

CCCLXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

GOD the being supreme.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme:
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
Tho' called Gods, that awful name,
Yet you must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
 And think of heav'n with fear;
 The meanest saint that you despise
 Has an avenger there.

CCCLXII. Common Metre. WATTS:

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation, where the LORD
 Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
 Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
 And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye with infinite survey
 Does the whole world behold;
 He form'd us all of equal clay,
 And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
 Of armies from the grave;
 Nor speed, nor courage of an horse,
 Can the bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
 To hope for safety thence;
 But holy souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure defence.
- 5 GOD is their fear, and GOD their trust,
 When plagues or famine spread,
 His watchful eye secures the just,
 Amongst ten thousand dead.
- 6 LORD, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne;
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

CCCLXIII.

CCCLXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Trust in the divine goodness.

- 1 **I** to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 2 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear ;
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 3 Mine innocence wilt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 4 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n :
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

CCCLXIV. Short Metre. WATTS.

Daily devotion.

- 1 **W**HILE thoughtless sinners choose
The road that leads to death ;
I in the service of my God
Will spend my daily breath.
- 2 I'll worship at his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I'll seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 With all my anxious cares,
I'll lean upon the LORD ;

I'll

256 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

- 4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

CCCLXV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Trust in God.

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne :
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye faints ! in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face :
Though succours fail, and fears invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
All pow'r is his eternal due,
He must be fear'd and trusted too.
- 4 Almighty pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty LORD !
Shall well divide our last reward.

CCCLXVI. Short Metre. WATTS.

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name:
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

CCCLXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The condescension of God to human affairs.

- 1 **TH'** Almighty stoops to view the skies,
And bows to see what angels do;
Yet down to earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.
- 2 He over-rules all human things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 3 In vain might earthly monarchs try
Such condescending schemes to plan;
For man was never rais'd so high
Above his meanest fellow-man.
- 4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To heav'n our grateful songs should rise,
And list'ning angels learn thy praise.

CCCLXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 **T**IME—what an empty vapour 'tis !
 Our days how swift they are !
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh :
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.

3 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting bounties share,
 And all the riches of thy grace
 Still crown the rolling year.

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the LORD !
 His mercy never knows a bound ;
 Be his blest name ador'd !

5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when in dust we lie,
 Let age to age thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature die.

CCCLXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

Confidence in the promises of God.

1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him who earth's foundation laid !
 Praise to the God, whose sov'reign will
 All nature's laws and pow'rs fulfil !

2 Praise

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 259

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the LORD,
Who rules his people by his word;
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And ev'ry gracious promise sees.
- 3 O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own!
- 4 Then, should the earth's vast pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 5 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the perishable skies;
And firm their basis shall remain,
When these to chaos sink again!

CCCLXX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The faithfulness of GOD in the promises.

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM salvation from the LORD,
For sinful, dying men!
His hand inscrib'd the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
The everlasting lines.
- 3 He that can dash whole worlds to death
And make them when he please;
He speaks, and his Almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.

4 He said, Let the wide heav'n be spread;
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad:
Abra'm, I'll be thy God, he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

5 Oh! might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle words would raise my song
To notes almost divine.

CCCLXXI. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

God faithful to his promises.

1 **T**HE promises I sing,
Which love supreme hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure,
And stedfast still;
Not Sion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same
In radiant lines
His promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:

Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

CCCLXXII. Common Metre. DARWIN.

Prosperity and adversity.

- 1 **T**HE LORD! how tender is his love,
His justice how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath in-
cens'd,
Are dust beneath his tread:
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 Thy vengeance rides the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame:
Thy goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.
- 6 For me, O LORD! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring;
Do all my with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;

- 7 Oh! grant that still with grateful heart
 My years resign'd may run;
 'Tis thine to give or to resume,
 And may thy will be done!

CCCLXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The mystery of providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyfs of providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 When thou array'ft thy heav'nly face
 In awful frowns, without a smile:
 We, thro' the cloud, discern thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Thro' all the darkness of the night.
- 4 Dear father! if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God;
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

CCCLXXIV. C. M. WATTS.

The decrees of God.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
 Abas'd before the LORD!
 Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
 He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought;
 All the long years and worlds to come,
 Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's

- 3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees :
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.
- 6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r,
Whate'er my lot shall be,
Or joys or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n, and thee!

CCCLXXV. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The unsearchable decrees of providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our
praise !
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours, to wonder and adore.
- 2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be :
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
- 3 Is darkness and distress my share?
Still let me trust thy guardian care :
S 4 Enough

- Enough for me, if love divine
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 4 Yet this my soul desires to know ;
Be this my only wish below,
That I am thine!—this great request
Grant, bounteous God!—and I am blest.

CCCLXXVI. Long Metre. SCOTT.

The equity of the divine dispensations.

- 1 **W**HO, gracious Father! can complain
Under thy mild and gentle reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?
- 2 With diff'ring climes, and diff'ring lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy hand hath fram'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.
- 3 So various, thy celestial ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day:
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all, the path of life has shewn.
- 4 Large is the bounty of his hand;
He will a large return demand:
Haste, then, life's arduous work pursue,
And keep the heav'nly prize in view.

CCCLXXVII. L. M. GENT. MAG.

Man's dependence on God.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,

The

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 265

- The hand of God conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 He giveth with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On his eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God! on thee.

CCCLXXVIII. Com. Metre. NEWTON.

The mystery and benignity of providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CCCLXXIX. Short Metre. SCOTT.

The changes of human life appointed by God.

1 **A**S various as the moon
Is man's estate below :
To his bright-day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness, and its grief ;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3 Yet not from fickle chance
These varying scenes arise :
Our dark and brighter hours advance,
By laws supremely wise.

4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordain'd by heav'n's high will.

5 Let man conform his mind
To ev'ry changing state :

Be

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 267

Be joyful now, and now resign'd,
And the great issue wait.

- 6 Hopeful and humble bear
Thy evil and thy good ;
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal ! be subdu'd.

CCCLXXX. S. M. ENFIELD'S COLLEC.

Worldly anxiety reprov'd.

- 1 **W**HY should I thus perplex
My life with fruitless care,
With fears and hopes, which idly vex,
And oft the heart ensnare ?
- 2 Can anxious thoughts increase
My years' appointed sum ?
Why waste I then my health and peace,
To hoard for days to come ?
- 3 To him, these low desires,
This fordid gain I leave,
Who to no higher good aspires,
Than what this world can give.
- 4 Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay :
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

CCCLXXXI. Proper Metre. MERRICK.

Prayer for divine wisdom.

- 1 **S**ACRED wisdom ! be my guide ;
Suffer not my feet to slide ;

Or

Or from thine all-perfect way,
Loft in paths of fin, to stray.

- 2 When, O when, celestial gueft !
Shall my heart with thee be bleft ?
What a peace will then be mine,
When my heart is wholly thine !
- 3 Ne'er may my presumptuous hand
Dare to break thy juft command ;
Ne'er within me may'ft thou find
Aught that fpeaks a faithlefs mind !

CCCLXXXII. C. M. MERRICK:

Trust in GOD, under the trials of virtue.

- 1 **O**H ! how my fears the dangers move
That virtue's paths inclofe !
While I the wife purfuit approve,
Alas, what toils oppofe !
- 2 For fee ! ah, fee ! while yet her ways
With doubtful ftep I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raife,
Its fnares delufive fpread.
- 3 Oh ! how fhall I, with heart prepar'd,
Thofe terrors learn to meet ;
How from the thoufand fnares to guard,
And to refrain my feet ?
- 4 But why art thou caft down, my foul ?
Say why, diftrufeful ftill,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er fscenes of future ill ?
- 5 Let faith fuppreff each rifing fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;

Thy

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 269

Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,
Thy Maker wise and good !

- 6 He to thy ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraints to give ;
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.
- 7 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

CCCLXXXIII. Common Metre. COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !
- 5 But ah! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;

Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

CCCLXXXIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Resignation and thankfulness.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flow'rs.
- 2 **L**ORD, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 3 Is health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 4 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me;
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, LORD, to thee!

CCCLXXXV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 **W**HEN present suff'rings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes:
- 2 Thy pow'rful word supports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind!

And

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 271

- And bears my fainting spirit up,
And bids me wait resign'd.
- 3 And Oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 5 Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

CCCLXXXVI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Refuge and strength in the mercy of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God! art near:
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 My great protector, and my LORD!
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat:

Still

Still let me trust thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

CCCLXXXVII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope in the contemplation of the divine perfections.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious
sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they
shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!—
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine,—and I am blest.

CCCLXXXVIII.

CCCLXXXVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The eternity and perfections of GOD.

- 1 **E**ARTH's old foundations GOD hath
laid :

The heav'ns, a glorious frame !
By his almighty hand were spread,
And speak their maker's name.

- 2 Their shining wonders all shall fade ;
By thy controlling pow'r,
Chang'd like a vesture quite decay'd ;
But thou shalt still endure.

- 3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

- 4 Thy servant's children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's GOD ;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

CCCLXXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

The divine glories above our reason.

- 1 **O**UR reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies ;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies !

- 2 **L**ORD, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore :
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

T

3 Thy

- 3 Thy glories infinitely rise
 Above our lab'ring tongue ;
 In vain the highest seraph tries
 To form an equal song.
- 4 In humble notes our faith adores
 The great eternal King ;
 While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
 And sweep th' immortal string.

CCCXC. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

God the object of our trust.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, my Saviour, is my light:
 What terrors can my soul affright ?
 While God, my strength, my life, is near,
 What potent arm shall make me fear ?
- 2 Should num'rous hosts besiege me round,
 My steadfast heart no fear shall wound :
 Though war should rise in dread array,
 God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- 3 When troubles rise, my guardian, God,
 Will hide me safe in his abode :
 Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
 Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 4 This only boon my heart desires ;
 To this my ardent wish aspires :
 This will I seek with restless care,
 Till God attend my humble pray'r :
- 5 In his own house to spend my days,
 My life devoted to his praise :
 There would my soul his glories trace,
 And learn the wonders of his grace.

6 Thou

- 6 Thou sacred spring of all my joys!
 Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
 O let thy sov'reign mercy hear,
 And answer all my humble pray'r.

CCCXCI. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 **G**OD is the confidence and stay
 Of the wide earth's remotest ends;
 And those who try the dang'rous sea,—
 On thee their hope, their all depends.
- 2 Thine awful word, with potent sound,
 Firm bade the solid mountains stand:
 Thy pow'r encircles nature round:
 All nature rests upon thy hand.
- 3 That word which stills the raging seas,
 When the loud waves tempestuous roar,
 Commands the warring world to peace;
 And noise and tumult are no more.
- 4 Thy dreadful signs display'd abroad,
 Fill trembling nations with surprise:
 The trembling nations own the God,
 And lift their supplicating eyes.

CCCXCII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God! thy wondrous way,
 While in thy temple I survey;
 Struck with astonishment, I cry,
 Where is a pow'r so great, so high?
- 2 Whoe'er surveys thy works must own
 That thou art God, and thou alone:

Thy favours to thy chosen care
The wonders of thy pow'r declare.

- 3 Thy potent arm, for ever near,
Controll'd their foes, controll'd their fear;
And Jacob's sons, distinguish'd race!
Confess'd thy kind deliv'ring grace.
- 4 The waters, with thy presence aw'd,
Beheld, and own'd their maker, God:
The ocean shook with all its waves,
And trembled through its deepest caves.
- 5 The full clouds pour'd their wat'ry store:
Amid the storm's impetuous roar,
Thy dreadful arrows flew abroad,
And sounding skies proclaim'd the God!
- 6 Thine awful voice in thunder broke,
Heav'n listen'd while th' Almighty spoke;
While o'er the world keen lightnings spread,
Earth trembled with unusual dread.
- 7 Thy path, O LORD, thy trackless way,
Lies in the deep unfathom'd sea;
No mortal thought can ever trace
Thy steps of wisdom, pow'r and grace.
- 8 Thy people found thy guardian care;
Where'er they wander'd, God was there;
Till, guided by thy prophet's hand,
They reach'd secure the promis'd land.

CCCXCIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God; he reigns above:
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 277

His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the LORD,
The wonders of his grace record:
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 In their distress to GOD they cry'd;
GOD was their Saviour and their guide:
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's hard yoke, and galling chain,
Beset with dangers is the road,
Which leads us to our wish'd abode.
- 5 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray:
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

CCCXCIV. Long Metre. BROWNE.

Give thanks to GOD in all things.

- 1 GREAT GOD! my joyful thanks to thee,
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.
- 2 From thee my comforts all arise,
My num'rous wants thy hand supplies;
Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store

- 3 If what I ask my God denies,
It is because he's good and wise :
And ills which cause my heart to mourn,
Thou canst to real blessings turn.
- 4 Deep, LORD, upon my thankful breast
Let all thy favours be imprest ;
That I may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 May I, with grateful heart, each day
For all thy gifts my praises pay ;
And still delighted may I be
In all things to give thanks to thee !

CCCXCV. Long Metre. WATTS.

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost :
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What though you rise before the sun,
And work and toil till day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread :
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet give us rest :
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our father make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love !

CCCXCVI.

CCCXCVI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !
 With rays of mercy shine :
 O let thy favour crown our days,
 And their whole course be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain :
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
 For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
 Till all our labours cease ;
 And heav'n refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

CCCXCVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my peace engage,
 And all its darts be hurl'd ;
 Then could I smile to see its rage,
 And face a frowning world.

T 4

3 Though

- 3 Though cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
- 4 In those bright realms, thou, O my soul!
Shalt find eternal rest;
Nor shall a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CCCXCVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the LORD;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
By David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 LORD GOD of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

CCCXCIX.

CCCXCIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The mission of Christ.

- 1 SING to the LORD, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue!
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came,
A guilty world to save;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea!
Ye mountains, sink; ye vallies, rise;
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations from their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 Again he comes with pow'rful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,
And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted head.
- 7 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

CCCC.

CCCC. Short Metre. WATTS.

The birth of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grace appears,
The blessing promis'd long!
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant song :
- 2 Glory to God on high !
And heav'nly peace on earth :
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !
- 3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs :
- 4 Glory to God on high !
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth !

CCCL. Long Metre. WATTS.

The promised Messiah born.

- 1 **T**O those who fear and trust the LORD,
His mercy stands for ever sure :
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 2 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be blest'd !
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

3 But

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 283

- 3 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :
Lo, the desire of nations comes !
Behold, the promis'd seed is born !

CCCCII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The coming and kingdom of Christ.

- 1 JOY to the world ; the Lord is come !
The long-predicted king ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the founding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
As far as guilt is found.
- 4 God rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his faithfulness,
And wonders of his love.

CCCCIII. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

The blessings of the gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD, he comes ! your leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd ;
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.

- 2 The beam that shines from Sion's hill,
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The king who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.
- 3 See, nations hasten to his call
From ev'ry distant shore;
Isles yet unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore.
- 4 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine;
Still walking in the light of God,
With holiness divine.

CCCCIV. Long Metre. MERRICK.

The promised Messiah.

- 1 **W**ELCOME the hope of Israel's race,
The messenger of truth and grace!
Your hearts in righteousness prepare;
Behold your wish'd redemption near!
- 2 See glory, bursting from the skies,
O'er Judah's land effulgent rise;
And fix amidst her coasts its seat,
Where justice, truth and mercy meet:
- 3 While faith and hope, their offspring dear,
Attendant on their steps appear;
And join'd in friendly compact move,
Bless'd with philanthropy and love.
- 4 Truth in thy lands, O earth! shall spring,
And righteousness, her healing wing
Expand.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 285

Expanding, downward cast her eye ;
While heav'n's great monarch from on high,
5 The heathen gloom shall chase away,
And bring again a glorious day ;
And, from his own propitious will,
The promis'd grace to man fulfill.

CCCCV. S. M. LINDSEY'S COLLECTION.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the LORD,
God's well-beloved son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the LORD,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men !
His doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way :
The path which Christ hath mark'd and
trod,
Will lead to endless day.

CCCCVI.

CCCCVI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The triumph of Christ's kingdom.

- 1 **M**AKER, and sov'reign LORD
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas!
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
- 2 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the LORD?
- 3 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the LORD their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.
- 4 The LORD derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

CCCCVII. L. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

God the leader of his people.

- 1 **O** GOD of our forefathers! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near
And place our trust on thee alone.
- 2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame)
Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.

3 From

- 3 From Egypt when thy chosen race
Triumphant urg'd their wondrous way,
Divinely led, behold they pass
Th' unwatery deep, the empty'd sea.
- 4 At distance heap'd on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 5 That arm, which is not shorten'd now,
Which wants not now the pow'r to save,
Shall, present with thy people still,
Bear them thro' life's tumultuous wave.
- 6 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,
Shouting, their heav'nly Canaan gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home.

CCCCVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey!
Extend the kingdom of thy son,
Till ev'ry land his rule shall own.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And wise and good are his commands:
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppression rage no more.
- 3 They form to righteousness the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions sooth to rest.

4 As

- 4 As gentle rain on parching ground
His gospel sheds its influence round;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand;
Till all shall love thee, and adore,
And vice and mis'ry be no more.

CCCCIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **T**O God let fervent pray'rs arise
With ev'ry daily sacrifice,
The great Messiah's reign to spread,
And with new honours crown his head.
- 2 Soon may he reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 3 Great God! may realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And contrite hearts with peace are blest,
5 Where

- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
The sting of death is known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Parent of good! to thee we trace
These boundless stores of richest grace;
All have their source in love divine,
And be the praise and glory thine!

CCCCX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The success of the gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the son, Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 From Sion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.
- 4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

CCCCXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God has built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes:
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners-rejoice, and saints be glad!
Hosanna! let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church revere their king,
And celebrate his father's grace,

CCCCXII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God's merciful chastisement;

- 1 **T**HE mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 2 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

- 3 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 4 How slowly doth his anger rise !
On rapid wings salvation flies :
And tho' his rod his servants feel,
The hand that wounds is swift to heal.
- 5 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

CCCCXIII. Proper Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Fruitful showers, emblems of the effects of the gospel.

- 1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain ;
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast is fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

- 3 So, faith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down
To millions more.

CCCCXIV. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The mission of Jesus Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour
comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and pow'r, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In wretched bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our songs of joy and gratitude
His welcome shall proclaim:
Hail to the Prince of peace, who comes
In God our father's name!

CCCCXV. Long Metre. WATTS.

The yoke of religion easy.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to a heav'nly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Great God! we come at thy command;
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CCCCXVI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The divine bounty.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved son.

U 3

2 Come,

- 2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store,
For every willing guest.
- 3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free and full supply:
God has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
And joys that never die.
- 4 LORD, bring unwilling souls to thee,
With strong resistless pow'r;
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

CCCCXVII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel, peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright!

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

CCCCXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
I'll speak the honours of thy grace
With a rejoicing tongue.
- 2 When Christ among the sons of men
In humble form was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct, all divine,
To me a model prove:
Like his, O God! my heart incline
My enemies to love.

CCCCXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **I** READ my duty in the word
Of my Redeemer and my Lord!
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What zeal his mission to fulfil!
What def'rence to his father's will!
His love and meekness, how divine!
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of his pray'r;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts, and his vict'ries too.
- 4 He is my pattern; may I bear
More of his gracious image here!
And let me trace the steps he trod,
Which lead to virtue, and to God.

CCCCXX. Proper Metre. SCOTT.

*The resurrection of Christ a ground of triumph
over death.*

- 1 **L**O! the rock is roll'd away—*Hallelujah!*
Death resigns his new-made prey—
Hallelujah!
Jesus rising from the tomb—*Hallelujah!*
Scatters all its dismal gloom—*Hallelujah!*
- 2 Raise, ye saints, your noblest song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong;

Let

Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the heart-reviving sound.

3 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic choirs,
With rapture sweep your golden lyres!
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing the honours of his reign.

4 Join the praise, ye heav'nly choir!
Let our joys your songs inspire:
Where is now, O death! thy sting?
Where thy terrors—vanquish'd king?

CCCCXXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Hope of heav'n from the resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky;
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though the frame of man requires
That he should see the dust;
Since Christ our pledge and pattern rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till this salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till he shall call us home.

CCCCXXII. Short Metre. WATTS.

Mercy in the midst of judgment.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His word subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Will all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the LORD,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

- 7 But thy compassions, LORD,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

CCCCXXIII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Blessed are the poor in spirit.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours:
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies:
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
Tho' time sweeps earthly thrones away:
The state which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 Great God, to thee we breathe our pray'r:
If thou confirm our int'rest there;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
Our largest wishes ask no more.

CCCCXXIV.

CCCCXXIV. Short Metre. WATTS.

The excellency of the gospel.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
For ever sure thy promise, LORD,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

5 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

CCCCXXV. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the gospel.

1 **I** LOVE the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!

Thy

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, LORD,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

CCCCXXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Instruction from scripture.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,

The

The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

CCCCXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Excellence of scripture.

- 1 **T**HE starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And these, thy servants, night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.
- 2 But still thy law and gospel, LORD,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 3 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!
- 4 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

CCCCXXVIII.

CCCCXXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Delight in scripture.

- 1 **O** How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heav'nly song.
- 3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis a divine repast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write thy praise.

CCCCXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The consolations of scripture.

- 1 **L**ORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

CCCCXXX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The holy scriptures.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent Christ, his son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Now we may read the written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love!
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

CCCCXXXI. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
His cheering promises I trace
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
The merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

CCCCXXXII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The perfect law of liberty.

- 1 **B**EHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives!
- 2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.

X

3 Great

- 3 Great author of each perfect gift!
 Thy gracious pow'r display,
 That our ungrateful, wand'ring hearts
 May hearken and obey.

CCCCXXXIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The excellency of the holy scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast;
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!

CCCCXXXIV. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Light and comfort from the scriptures.

- 1 **T**O GOD, its source, my soul aspires;
Come, LORD, and fill my vast desires;
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess.
- 2 Oh! let thy sacred word impart
Its gen'rous influence to my heart;
With pow'r, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.
- 3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful thro' this mortal night.
- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies:
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more;
- 5 Oh! may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell forever near thy throne
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

CCCCXXXV. Common Metre. COWPER,

The light and glory of the word.

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none,

- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

CCCCXXXVI. Short Metre. SCOTT.

The right and duty of private judgment.

- 1 **I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain
A meek inquiring mind;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,—
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 **L**ORD, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

CCCCXXXVII.

CCCCXXXVII. Long Metre. SCOTT.

Persecution and intolerance.

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve:
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing mind along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

CCCCXXXVIII. Long Metre. SCOTT.

Candour.

- 1 **A**LL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great LORD of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

X 3

3 Who

310 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right ;
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

CCCCXXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

A conversation becoming the gospel.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess !
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honour of Almighty God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 What though we drink of sorrow's cup,
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the LORD,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

CCCCXL. Common Metre. WATTS.

Want of religious zeal.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, LORD :

Yet

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 311

- Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid pow'rs retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 5 O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

CCCCXLI. Short Metre. WATTS.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the LORD
Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their souls sincere.

X 4

3 While

312 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the felt'ring wound ;
But I renounc'd my former sins,
(And peace and pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help, in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

CCCCXLII. Long Metre. WATT ,

Penitence.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, LORD, O LORD, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And though my pray'r thou shouldst not
hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O LORD !
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

5 O wash

- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
The LORD, my strength and righteousness,

CCCCXLIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 **O** THOU who hearest sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Renew me, O my God, within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Thy freely pard'ning grace impart,
And shed thy love thro' all my heart.
- 3 Though I have oft offended, LORD,
Thy hope and comfort still afford;
And here, while prostrate at thy throne,
I plead, and trust, thy grace alone.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

6 Then

- 6 Then will I teach the world thy grace;
 Sinners shall learn to seek thy face;
 Forsake the evil ways they trod,
 And love, and serve, a pard'ning God.

CCCCXLIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Mercy and pardon.

- 1 **T**HERE is forgiveness, LORD, with thee,
 The humble penitent to cheer;
 That all who thy rich mercy see,
 May hope and love as well as fear.
- 2 More welcome than the morning's face,
 To those who long for breaking day,
 Great God! is that abundant grace
 Which thy kind promises display.
- 3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
 Let contrite souls address the LORD,
 And find relief from all their pain.

CCCCXLV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Hope prevailing over melancholy.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God! I rais'd my voice,
 I sought thy gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd my heart with fear.
- 2 I call'd back years, and former times,
 When I beheld thy face;
 I sought to know what secret crimes
 Might thus withhold thy grace.
- 3 I call'd

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 315

- 3 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before :—
And will the LORD no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
- 4 Will he for ever cast me off?
Shall anger still prevail?
Can he forget his tender love?
Or can his promise fail?
- 5 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
Still trusting in thy name;
I know what thy kind hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.
- 6 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy mercies o'er;
Again proclaim thy wondrous grace,
Till time shall be no more.

CCCCXLVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Repentance and sincere obedience.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
Hence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up.
- 2 Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Let judgment not against me pass:
Should justice call me to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

4 Teach

316 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 4 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

CCCCXLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Devout professions of sincerity.

- 1 **L**ET sorrow, LORD, my bosom fill,
When impious men transgress thy will!
Teach me to mourn when lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 With indignation may I treat
The works of malice and deceit;
And ever from their friendship flee,
Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.
- 3 LORD, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
If my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a vain disguise,
I seek the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way!

CCCCXLVIII. Common Metre. WATTS,

Forgiveness of sins.

- 1 **T**HE soul oppress'd with sin's desert
Our God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is the best sacrifice.

2 Happy,

- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are all discharg'd;
Who, from the guilty bondage free,
Feels all his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 O sinners, come, and taste his love,
Come, learn his gracious ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

CCCCXLIX. Long Metre. PATRICK.

Hope in the mercy of God.

- 1 **O**PPREST with guilt, or grief, or care,
Great God! thy humble suppliant hear:
Though sunk, I ne'er can sink so low,
But thou canst hear the voice of woe.
- 2 Shouldst thou against each evil deed
In strict severity proceed;
By merit, without mercy, try'd,
None could be clear'd and justify'd.
- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn, and fear thy name;
To thy rich grace, O LORD! we fly,
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Ye contrite hearts, who guilt deplore!
Come seek his face, and sin no more;
Then shall ye know that God is kind,
And full redemption with him find.

CCCCL. Proper Metre. DENHAM.

Imploring the divine mercy.

- 1 **O**UT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heav'n I raise my warm address;
Deign, O my God! to hear my pray'r;
O let thine ear indulge my grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!
- 3 With longing eyes I seek the LORD,
Before his throne my soul attends;
Firmly on his eternal word
My hope is fix'd, my faith depends,
Before the dawn my soul shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds! on God rely;
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will at length absolve his heirs
From all their guilt, and all their fears.

CCCCLI. Com. Metre. ADDISON.

Hope of divine mercy.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 319

- I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O LORD ! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But there's forgiveness, LORD, with thee,
Thy nature is benign ;
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, LORD, is thine.
- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul ;
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears controul.
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

CCCCLII. P. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Invitations of mercy.

- 1 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
8 Long

Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain :
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

CCCCLIII. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

The mercy of God.

- 1 **O** THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears ;
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;

Thy

Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, LORD,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

CCCCLIV. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which
speaks

The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease!

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, LORD, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, LORD, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

Y

CCCCLV.

CCCCLV. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Penitent supplication.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD! in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere:
Thou wilt, with gracious eye, behold
The penitential tear.
- 2 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
The pow'r of vice controul;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.
- 3 O God! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray:
And guide my steps, direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.
- 4 Let me no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend:
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
If thou be still my friend.

CCCCLVI. Long Metre. JERVIS.

The guilty mind relieved by the hope of forgiveness.

- 1 **W**HILE, with remorse and woe oppress,
Distraction haunts the guilty breast;
The broken heart, the troubled mind,
In God alone shall succour find.
- 2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal,
The charms of mercy to reveal:

He

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 323

He grants the penitent relief,
And cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.

- 3 When by temptation's billows tost,
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost;
Still hope, the anchor of the soul,
Shall folly's beating wave controul.
- 4 To all the world's delusive joys,
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,
The sinner bids a long farewell,
And loves with purity to dwell.
- 5 In her secure and calm retreat,
He now enjoys a tranquil state;
Conscious that God will deign to hear
The contrite, humble, and sincere.

CCCCLVII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Mercy to the penitent.

- 1 **O**PPREST with fear, oppress'd with grief,
To God I breath'd my cry;
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.
- 2 Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave:
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save!
- 3 Come, O ye saints! your voices raise
To God in grateful songs;
And let the mem'ry of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

Y 2

4 Her

- 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.
- 5 Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.
- 6 To thee, my gracious God! I raise
My thankful heart and tongue:
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song!

CCCCLVIII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope in the presence and favour of God.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, thus sunk in woe?
Why thus with restless sorrows torn?
Hope thou in God: my song shall flow,
For his bright presence will return.
- 2 My heart sinks down, oppress'd with grief;
Yet, O my God! I'll call to mind
Those seasons when, for my relief,
The Lord was gracious still, and kind.
- 3 Why sinks my fainting spirit down?
Why do my restless passions mourn?
What, though my God a moment frown,
His blissful smile will yet return.
- 4 Then shall I spread his pow'r abroad;
His smile my drooping hope shall raise;
My light, my health, my saviour, God,
Shall turn my sighs to songs of praise.

CCCCLIX.

CCCCLIX. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Penitence and pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE humbly prostrate in the dust,
I own thy awful sentence just;
My soul adores thy sacred word;
For ever righteous is the LORD.
- 2 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O LORD! inspire;
Through all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.
- 3 Let thy reviving word impart
Peace, joy, and pardon to my heart:
Then shall this broken frame rejoice,
And bless thy kind, thy healing voice.
- 4 Create my inmost pow'rs anew,
Make all my heart sincere and true:
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor hide thy animating ray.
- 5 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heav'nly joys that once were mine:
Let thy own spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee.
- 6 Then will I teach thy sacred ways,
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God.
- 7 Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim,
In grateful strains, thy glorious name:
Inspir'd by thee, my song shall flow,
And all thy wondrous mercy shew.

CCCCLX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The divine mercy and compassion.

- 1 **O** GOD, how free thy mercies flow!
But thy reluctant wrath, how flow!
High as the bright expanded skies,
Thy vast unbounded mercies rise.
- 2 As distant as creating pow'r
Has fix'd the east and western shore;
So far our numerous crimes remove
At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.
- 3 The tenderest yearning nature knows,
A father's love, too faintly shews
The ever-kind indulgent care,
Which God's obedient children share.
- 4 His mercy with unchanging rays
For ever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the LORD,
- 5 To those who, with delightful awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with warm devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful duty shew.

CCCCLXI. C. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

God the Christian's refuge.

- 1 **W**HEN storms hang o'er the Christian's
head,
He flies unto his God;
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.

2 When

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 327

- 2 When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3 When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help and refuge too
Of his distressed soul.
- 4 But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliv'rer nigh!

CCCCLXII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Light and deliverance.

- 1 **T**HE weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day
Lost weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!
- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controuls.

- 5 My God ! to thy revealed light
 My dawn of hope I owe;
 Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
 And sunk in hopeless woe.
- 6 'Twas thy blest hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the pris'ner free:
 Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, LORD, to thee!

CCCCLXIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE,

Thirsting after God.

- 1 **W**HEN fainting in the sultry waste,
 And parch'd with thirst extreme,
 The weary pilgrim longs to taste
 The cool, refreshing stream:
- 2 Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye,
 A crystal spring appear,
 How would th' enliv'ning sweet supply
 His drooping spirits cheer!
- 3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
 Opprest with sins and woes,
 Some soul-reviving spring to find,
 Whence heav'nly comfort flows,
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are,
 The promises impart;
 Here flowing streams of life appear,
 To cheer the fainting heart.

CCCCLXIV.

CCCCLXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Benefit of afflictions.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 2 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
- 3 Consider all my sorrows, LORD,
And thy deliv'rance send:
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?
- 4 I know thy judgments, LORD, are right,
Though they may seem severe:
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
- 5 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

CCCCLXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Mercy to sufferers.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all!
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And sound his name abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

CCCCLXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Humility and submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God! and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
LORD, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;

Content,

Content, my Father! with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful LORD.

CCCCLXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Resignation in affliction.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own in vain,
Are but short pleasures borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.
- 3 'Tis GOD who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and blessed be his name !
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, then, ye restless passions, peace !
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

CCCCLXVIII.

CCCCLXVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Submission to God under affliction.

1 **P**EACE, my complaining, doubting heart!

Ye busy cares, be still!

Adore the just, the sov'reign LORD,
Nor murmur at his will.

2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

3 To soften ev'ry painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

4 Let me reflect with humble awe
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains!

5 Yes, LORD, I own thy sov'reign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind!
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.

CCCCLXIX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in God under afflictions.

1 **W**HY is my heart with grief oppress'd?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2 Morta-

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 333

- 2 Mortality's unnumber'd ills
Are all beneath his sov'reign hand:
Each pain which this frail body feels
Attends, obedient, his command.
- 3 LORD, form my temper to thy will!
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May ev'ry painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love!
- 4 O may this weak, this fainting mind
A father's hand adoring see;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee!

CCCCLXX. S. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

Trust in GOD under trouble.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heav'n and earth commands:
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.
- 4 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;

GOD

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head.

- 5 Thro' waves, and clouds and storms,
He'll gently clear thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in boundless day.

CCCCLXXI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The presence of God in affliction.

- 1 **I**N vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds,
And nature's beauties bloom.
- 2 For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respires;
O for a beam of heav'nly light,
When earthly hope expires!
- 3 Thou only centre of my rest!
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress'd
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my God!
My ev'ry wish contains:
With this, beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.
- 5 This can my ev'ry care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

CCCCLXXII.

CCCCLXXII. P. M. MRS. STEELE.

Tranquillity and contentment.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, and he alone,
To whom the easy lot is given,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
The gracious hand of bounteous heaven.
- 2 Then solitude, or social joy,
Can please, yet not engage his heart ;
Nor sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
His nobler, his immortal part.
- 3 His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
To a fair paradise above ;
Yet patient waits, till heaven requires
From worldly toil his blest remove.
- 4 Thus may my hopes and wishes rise ;
Be mine serenity like this ;
Till death's kind sleep shall close my eyes,
Then wake to light, and life, and bliss !

CCCCLXXIII. Proper Metre. COTTON.

True happiness.

- 1 **I**F solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has little to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow ;
Our bliss begin at home.

2 We'll

- 2 We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
 And if our store of wealth be small,
 With thankful hearts improve it all,
 Nor waste the present hour.
- 3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
 Patient, when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
 This, gracious God! is wisdom's part:
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
- 4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
 Its checquer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead:
- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

CCCCLXXIV. Short Metre. WATTS.

The mystery of providence unfolded.

- 1 **T**HERE is a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain;
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And virtuous men complain.

2 I saw

- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 The tumults of my thought
Held me in deep suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend ;
I view'd the finners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 5 LORD, at thy feet I bow ;
My thoughts no more repine ;
I call my God my portion now,
' And all my pow'rs are thine.

CCCCLXXV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The vicissitudes of providence.

- 1 **T**HE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd ;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

Z

4 Then

- 4 Then, christian! send thy fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care:
 Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
 To-morrow may be fair.

CCCCLXXVI. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Resignation.

- 1 **W**EARY of these low scenes of night,
 My fainting heart grows sick of
 time,
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime!
- 2 'Tis just, 'tis right; thus he ordains,
 Who form'd this animated clod;
 That needful cares, instructive pains,
 May bring the restless heart to God.
- 3 In him, my soul! behold thy rest;
 Nor hope for bliss below the sky;
 Come, resignation, to my breast,
 And silence ev'ry plaintive sigh.
- 4 Then, cheerful shall my heart survey
 The toils and dangers of the road;
 And patient keep the heav'nly way,
 Which leads me homeward to my God.

CCCCLXXVII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Consolatory reflections on providence.

- 1 **'T**IS wisdom, mercy, love divine,
 Which mingles blessings with our
 cares:

And

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 339

And shall our thankless hearts repine
That we obtain not all our pray'rs?

- 2 From diffidence our sorrows flow :
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
And doubt if providence be kind.
- 3 Should heav'n with ev'ry wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change its name, and prove a snare.
- 4 Were once our vain desires subdu'd,
The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;
In ev'ry scene we should conclude,
The will of heav'n is right, is best.

CCCCLXXVIII. P. M. MRS. STEELE.

Complete happiness not designed for man on earth.

- 1 **P**ROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wherefoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind,
Make not these alone your choice,
Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;

Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.

5 What, like this, has earth to give?
O ye righteous! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.

6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

CCCCLXXIX. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Encouraging views of nature and providence.

1 **T**HE God of heav'n is kind and just:
Then let not man complain;
Nor his all-wise decrees mistrust,
His providence arraign.

2 Tho' clouds should darken all the scene,
Be this thy steadfast aim,
Still to preserve a mind serene,
And free from guilt and shame.

3 The lowliest flow'rs that deck the field,
Thy mute instructors are;
And salutary counsel yield
Against corroding care.

4 Oh! listen to kind nature's voice:
To heav'n direct thine eyes;
There nobler objects claim thy choice,
And brighter prospects rise.

- 5 Far from anxiety and care,
Still seek that blifsful shore,
Where discontent and dark despair
Shall rend thy heart no more.

CCCCLXXX. C. M. JERVIS.

GOD our consolation in adversity and distress.

- 1 **T**O calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe controul;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst sooth each mortal care;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is waisted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.
- 5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.
- 6 'Tis thou, great God! alone canst check
The progress of disease;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.

- 7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

CCCCLXXXI. Proper Metre. JERVIS.

God the only refuge of the afflicted.

- 1 **H**OW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days !
- 2 Thou alone, the great author of all !
The faithful, unchangeable friend !
Thou alone all our pains canst remove,
Thou alone from all sorrows defend.
- 3 When the ills I foreboded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;
And to him who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd its vows and its pray'rs.
- 4 When my heart throb'd with anguish and
grief,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame ;
Then my soul on my maker was staid.
- 5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of affliction's dark night ;

And

- And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.
- 7 Great source of my comforts restor'd!
Thou healer and balm of my woes!
The hope and desire of my soul!
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days!

CCCCLXXXII. C. M. ENFIELD'S COL-
LECTION.

Comfort in sickness and death.

- 1 **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid
frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death,
Its hated sceptre shows;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul!
On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God;
In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chaſt'ning rod.

344 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heav'n his soul relies;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

CCCCLXXXIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The favour of God the only satisfying good.

- 1 **M**Y GOD! to thee my soul aspires;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill my vast desires
With infinite delight.
- 2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingl'd woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

CCCCLXXXIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The blessedness of the divine presence.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, the visits of thy love
Afford superior joy,
To all the flatt'ring world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But

- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline,
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wand'ring heart of mine.
- 3 LORD, guide this wand'ring heart to thee;
Unsatisfy'd I stray:
Break thro' the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enliv'ning ray.
- 4 May all thy glory round me shine,
And ev'ry cloud remove;
Renew my heart, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

CCCCLXXXV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Divine compassion.

- 1 **S**HALL the kind mother's gentle breast
No soft emotion share;
But, ev'ry tender thought suppress,
Forget her infant care?
- 2 The helpless child, that oft her eyes
Have watch'd with anxious thought,
While her fond breast appeas'd his cries—
And can he be forgot?
- 3 Strange as it is, yet this may be,
For creature-love is frail:
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O christian! cannot fail.
- 4 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And ev'ry groan and ev'ry sigh
Divine compassion hears.

5 These

- 5 These anxious doubts indulge no more;
Be ev'ry fear suppress;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
Command thy cares to rest.

CCCCLXXXVI. L. M. MRS. TOLLET.

God the author of consolation.

- 1 **G**REAT God of consolation, see
What bitter cares my soul possess;
In gracious pity set me free,
And ev'ry rising fear suppress.
- 2 O let me not repining stand;
Thy purpose sanctifies thy rod;
The gentle scourges of thy hand
Still bring me nearer to my God.
- 3 This proves my comfort in distress,
When joy declines and friendship low'rs;
The pleasures of thy word increase,
And quicken all my mental pow'rs.
- 4 What less could mitigate my grief,
Internal hope or joy supply?
Depriv'd of that divine relief,
Hope disappears, and comforts die.
- 5 Thy dispensations I revere,
And ev'ry anxious thought compose;
Assur'd the discipline I bear
From thy paternal goodness flows.

CCCCLXXXVII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in God in time of distress.

- 1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,

Nor

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 347

Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain :

2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply :

3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, The LORD is mine !
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, tho' life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

5 Thy presence, LORD, can cheer my heart,
Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine !
The barren desert shall rejoice ;
'Tis paradise if thou art mine.

CCCCLXXXVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The supreme good.

1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :

2 In

348 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring specious wile :
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In GOD alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

CCCCLXXXIX. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Absence from God.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

CCCCXC. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The presence of GOD the life and light of the soul.

1 **M**Y God, my hope! if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow
pine?

On thee alone I cast my care;
O leave me not in dark despair.

2 Though ev'ry comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

3 My God, my life! if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

4 Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light!
Thy love shall all my fears controul,
And glory dawn around my soul.

CCCCXCI.

CCCCXCI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God ! my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret with devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom,
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die :
LORD, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh !

CCCCXCII. Common Metre. WATTS.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near !
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 351

- 2 Thy counfels, LORD, fhall guide my feet
Through this dark wildernefs;
Thy hand conduct me near thy feat
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me:
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the fprings of life were broke,
And flefh and heart fhould faint?
God is my foul's eternal rock,
The ftrength of ev'ry faint.
- 5 Behold, the finners that remove
Far from thy prefence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can fave them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my fweet employ:
My tongue fhall found thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

CCCCXCIII. Short Metre. WATTS.

Parting with worldly joys.

- 1 **M**Y foul forfakes each vain delight,
And bids the world adieu:
How mean thy boasted joys appear,
And full of danger too!
- 2 No longer will I afk your love,
Nor feek your friendship more:
The

The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire:
To nobler and more lasting joys
My rising thoughts aspire.

CCCCXCIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

God our only happiness.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy bright beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

- 3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.

- 4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let

- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp the boundless shore,
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more.

CCCCXCV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Imploring divine consolation.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love! return;
Reveal thy wonted grace:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants shew,
Make thy own work complete:
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
And see thy glory, LORD!
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

CCCCXCVI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God speaking peace to his people.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts! unite
In silence soft and sweet:

A a

And

354 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- And thou, my soul! sit gently down
At thy great sov'reign's feet.
- 2 JEHOVAH's awful voice is heard,
And gladly I attend:
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

CCCCXCVII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's compassion to human frailty.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom our frame was rear'd,
Its various frailties knows.

4 Thou

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our father, and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

CCCCXCVIII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

God adored for his goodness.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men! with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound,
Thro' all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love!
Thither, my soul! with rapture soa
There in the land of praise adore.

CCCCXCIX. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*God the author of our comforts, our deliverances, and
our hopes.*

- 1 **G**REAT source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee the vault of heav'n was spread;
By thee, the earth's foundations laid;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.
- 3 Thy quick'ning hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 Our lives are sacred to the LORD;
Kindl'd by him, by him restor'd;
And, while our hours renew their race,
May sin no more these hours disgrace!
- 5 So when, at length, by thee we're led
Thro' unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant, may we move
To scenes of nobler life above!

D. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Acting as seeing him who is invisible.

- 1 **E**TERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 357

- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire:
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight:
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

DI. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Love to God.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 3 Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
In honour of thy name;
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

A a 3

4 Thou

358 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!
But Oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the object of our supreme regard.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 2 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy love still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

DIII. Long Metre. BROWNE.

Imitation of God.

- 1 **G**REAT God! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.
- 2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe:
Tune both our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

- 3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share;
Thine humble follow'rs let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

DIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eye salutes the skies,
Their bended knees, the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 **L**ORD, search my thoughts, and try my
ways,
And make my soul sincere:
Then may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

DV. Long Metre. SCOTT.

Devotion vain without virtue.

- 1 **T**H' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, LORD ! to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient precepts teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

DVI. Long Metre. WATTS,

Love to God and man.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great com-
mand :—
Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thy affections and esteem ;

And

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 361

And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.

- 3 Alas! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
LORD, warm our souls with heav'nly fire,
And mould our spirits to thy will.

DVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Love to God.

- 1 **W**HERE love and all the graces reign,
The mind is truly blest;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Rude passions will their sway maintain,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move:
This is the grace that lives and reigns
In the bright realms above.

DVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Love the most excellent of christian graces.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;

She

- She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.
- 3 Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
From wrath and malice pure :
She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill,
And all things will endure.
- 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals men devise ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who rise.
- 5 Soft is her heart, and prompt her hands
To help or friend or foe ;
When others' good her aid demands,
Her own she can forego.
- 6 Love shall for ever keep her throne
In the bright realms above :
There faith and hope no more are known,
But all is boundless love.

DIX. S. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLEC.

Christian unity.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head,
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Envy

3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common father have,
One common master own.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And ev'ry heart is love.

DX. Common Metre. WATTS,

The communion of saints.

1 **N**OT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight.

4 Behold the blest'd assembly there,
Whole names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;

. All

All join in Christ, their living head,
And heav'nly joys partake,

DXI. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

Charity essential to the christian character.

- 1 **T**HOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
The sweet persuasive tongue ;
Tho' I could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung ;
- 2 Tho' prophecy my soul inspir'd,
And made all myst'ries plain ;
Yet, were I void of christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Altho' with lib'ral hands I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Or gave my body to the flames ;
Still fruitless were the deed.
- 4 Nay, tho' my faith with boundless pow'r
Ev'n mountains could remove ;
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of charity and love.

DXII. Long Metre. BROWNE,

The properties of christian charity.

- 1 **L**ET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim :
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

2 Know-

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 365

- 2 Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
And slowly her resentments rise:
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage and all revenge defies.
- 4 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn;
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to fight triumphant turn.

DXIII. Long Metre. BROWNE.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **O** GOD, my saviour, and my king,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts or gives another pain!
Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend of all mankind!
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

4 And

- 4 And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state,
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Let me thy humble follower prove,
• Father of men, great God of love!

DXIV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sympathy.

- 1 **F**AR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid:
- 4 O be the law of love fulfill'd,
In ev'ry act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
With this kind, social grace;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heav'n embrace.

DXV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Compassion to the afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart is kind,
And melts with pity to the poor;
Who, with a sympathizing mind,
Feels what his fellow-men endure.
- 2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hand can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the LORD hath pity too.
- 3 This man shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
Though sword, or pestilence, or dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if with mortal suff'rings try'd,
Suff'rings shall all his soul refine;
Sweet hope his refuge shall provide,
And minister a bliss divine.

DXVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy man, who fears the
LORD,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word!
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind;
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When

368 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread;
His heart is arm'd against the fear;
For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word:
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his future hopes be vain.

DXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the LORD,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands!
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His

- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the LORD;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

DXVIII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

The blessings of the liberal man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd:
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience bears his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

DXIX. Short Metre. WATTS.

Domestic peace and harmony.

- 1 **L**O, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all whose hearts unite
In bands of piety!
- 2 From those celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd;
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While praise devout and mingl'd pray'rs
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

DXX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The blessings of friendship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
When kindred souls in friendship join;
Whose

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 371

- Whose joys and cares united meet,
In bands of amity divine !
- 2 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
Impearl'd with dew, a fairer sight ;
Nor Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
In golden beams of morning light.
- 3 'Tis here the LORD indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heav'nly store ;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more.

DXXI. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Pious friendship.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
 When nature droops her sick'ning fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heav'n of joy—because of love.

DXXII. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christian charity.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying master stands!
 His weeping follow'rs gath'ring round,
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.
- 3 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never rais'd in vain:
- 4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
 A stranger's woes to feel;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To ev'ry child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views thro' mercy's melting eye
 A brother in a foe.

- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
 My peace to him I give;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shewn,
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.

DXXIII. Proper Metre. BLACKLOCK.

Benevolence.

- 1 HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
 While thy kind dictates I pursue,
 I taste a joy sincere;
 Too high for little minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.
- 2 By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
 In blessing others only blest,
 With kindness large and free,
 Delights the widow's tears to stay,
 To teach the blind their smoothest way,
 And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God! with sympathetic care,
 In others joys and griefs to share,
 Do thou my heart incline;
 Each low, each selfish wish controul,
 Warm with benevolence my soul,
 And make me wholly thine.

DXXIV. Common Metre. JERVIS.

Sympathy.

- 1 **H**ARD and unfeeling is his heart,
And dark his inmost soul,
Who never knew the gen'rous force
Of pity's kind controul.
- 2 The social feelings of the breast
To him no joy impart;
While low and sordid cares contract
The motions of his heart.
- 3 But oh! how truly blest'd is he,
Whose soul is all benign;
Touch'd with the sweet attractive pow'r
Of sympathy divine!
- 4 What solid joy, what calm delight
Possess his manly mind,
Which glows with tenderness and love,
To all of human kind!
- 5 The soft sensations of distress,
The tearful, weeping eye,
The heart which melts o'er human woes,
The sympathetic sigh:—
- 6 These are the choicest gifts of heav'n,
How pleasing, how divine!
The breast to soften and expand,
The passions to refine.
- 7 May I be ready, LORD, to all
My cheerful aid to lend;
And, while in others' joys I share,
Still be the sufferer's friend!

DXXV.

DXXV. Long Metre. SCOTT.

Meekness.

- 1 **H**APPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day!
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

DXXVI. Long Metre. SCOTT.

Justice.

- 1 **I**F high or low our station be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,
By uncorrupted honesty,
Thy blessing, LORD, we'll humbly claim.
- 2 Enrich'd with that, no want we'll fear,
Thy providence shall be our trust:
Thou wilt supply our portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just!
- 3 Oh! may we, with sincere delight,
To all the task of duty pay;
Tender of ev'ry social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway!

- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In worlds where every virtue shares
A fit reward—tho' not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

DXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Justice and equity.

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim?
- 3 Have we ne'er envy'd others' good,
Ne'er envy'd others praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor us'd detraction's ways?
- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's woe?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast
Have we abhorr'd to show?
- 5 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To God the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.
- 6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity condemn:
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

DXXVIII.

DXXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Prudence.

- 1 **O**H! 'tis a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act an useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin,
In little angry souls;
Mark how the sons of peace come in
And quench the kindling coals!
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
No furious passions rise;
Nor malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love:
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

DXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The beatitudes.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their ignorance and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Bless'd

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
For them divine compassion flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their peaceful state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that seek his face,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts still move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
They shall themselves from God obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the kindling flames of strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

DXXX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the LORD
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 4 Not so the impious and unjust :
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

DXXXI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :
- 2 But makes the law of GOD
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He

- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root;
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
 His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find:
 Their hopes shall fly like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 God knows, and he approves
 The way the righteous go:
 But sinners and their works shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

DXXXII. Long Metre. WATTS,

The character of a good man.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
 Great God! and dwell before thy
 face?
 The man who seeks thy will to know,
 And humbly walks with thee below;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is
 clean;
 Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
 No scandals dwell upon his tongue;
 Nor will he do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 Firm to his word he ever stood,
 And always makes his promise good:
 Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
 Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 4 He never deals in bribing gold,
 And mourns that justice should be sold;
 While

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 381

While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

- 5 He doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, LORD, with thee.

DXXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Qualifications for heaven.

- 1 **T**HE earth is thine, Almighty LORD !
It owes its being to thy word ;
And all that it contains is thine,
Form'd and upheld by pow'r divine.
- 2 Rais'd on the floods, at thy command,
Firm does the wondrous fabric stand ;
And, fill'd with various good, thy grace
Hath giv'n it for our dwelling-place.
- 3 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, LORD, above the sky :
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God ?
- 4 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean :
He shall behold thee face to face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

DXXXIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's prospect.

- 1 **H**APPY the soul, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they flee away !
- 4 Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade ;
With cheerful wing his faith ascends
Above the gloomy shade.
- 5 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 6 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come :
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

DXXXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The reward of the righteous.

- 1 **M**Y God ! the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The **L**ORD delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves :
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home :
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Mark, then, the man of righteousness !
His sev'ral steps attend :
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

DXXXVI. Long Metre. PATRICK.

Peace and happiness the portion of the righteous.

- 1 **L**ET none be envious when he sees
The wicked in a prosp'rous state ;
Or, tempted by their short success,
Grow bold their crimes to imitate.
- 2 Think not mere wealth makes happy men:
The portion of the virtuous poor
Is better far than wicked men's
Ill-got, or ill-employed store.
- 3 Let others foolishly expect
How kind the flatt'ring world will prove:
I'll seek my God alone to please,
And be ambitious of his love.
- 4 God, who is always good and just,
Those who are like himself will own ;
And they shall flourish and abide,
When wicked men are overthrown.
- 5 Mark, then, the good and perfect man !
Mark him that's upright in his ways !
Mercy attends him all his life,
And peace and comfort close his days.

DXXXVII.

DXXXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The character and happiness of good men.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet;
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name!
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of vice defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

DXXXVIII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The advantages of divine revelation.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is the glorious word of God,
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays his love, and kindles ours.

- 4 Its promises rejoice the heart,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands, blest with this word!
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r!
Unite your tongues to praise the LORD,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

DXXXIX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

True honour.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the fav'rites of the LORD
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honour! vast reward
Conferr'd on man, by love divine!
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God!
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which JESUS taught, and GOD approves.

- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies!

DXL. Common Metre. WATTS.

The blessedness of the righteous.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands:
With their whole heart they seek the LORD,
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

DXLI. Long Metre. BLACKLOCK.

The reward of virtue, and punishment of vice.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, how more than
blest,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ!
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.
- 2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and bright his view.
- 3 By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
True virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share the triumph of the skies.
- 4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To ev'ry storm an easy prey.

DXLII. Long Metre. SIR H. WOTTON.

A happy life.

- 1 **H**OW happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Unty'd to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who envies none that change doth raise;
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :
- 4 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With an instructive book, or friend.
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

DXLIII. Long Metre. JERVIS.

Integrity, fortitude, and hope.

- 1 **T**HE man, whose firm and equal mind
To solid glory is inclin'd,
Determin'd will his path pursue,
And keep the godlike prize in view.
- 2 His calm, undaunted, manly breast,
Of virtue, honour, truth possess'd,
Will stem the torrent of the age,
And fearless tread this mortal stage.

3 Amidst

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 389

- 3 Amidst th' affailing ills of life,
Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife;
He'll act his part without disguise,
Intrepid, gen'rous, just, and wise.
- 4 In conscious rectitude secure,
This man unshaken shall endure
Of human woes the num'rous train,
Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain.
- 5 And when, at last, th' eternal pow'r
Shall fix th' irrevocable hour;
That solemn hour which none can fly,
Since 'tis decreed that all must die;
- 6 Conscious of sov'reign mercy nigh,
Sublime to heav'n he'll lift his eye;
While faith and hope in joys to come,
Waft him to realms beyond the tomb.

DXLIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Instructions to the young from a review of the dispensations of providence.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;

That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

DXLV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Instructions of piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy!
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 To humble souls, and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh:
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

DXLVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

The advantages of early religion.

- 1 **H**APPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth devoted to the LORD,
Is pleasing in his eyes;

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 391

A flow'r that's offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 O may the work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath!
Thus, we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

DXLVII. C. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb:
- 2 Remember thy creator, God;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

DXLVIII. Common Metre. WATTS;

The aged christian's reflections and hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth:
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
And shews thy skill divine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
In each revolving year:
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

DXLIX.

DXLIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

The aged christian's prayer.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove:
Oh! may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love!

DL. C. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

Prayer for support in old age and death.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high!
Whom heav'nly hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My

- 3 My flying years time urges on ;
 What's human must decay ;
 My friends, my youth's companions gone,
 Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour ;
 On thee my hope depends ;
 Support me with almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.

DLI. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The one thing needful.

- 1 **W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares
 The lives divine compassion spares ?
 While in the various range of thought
 The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above,
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
 Shall troubl'd conscience give you pain,
 And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
 The objects which you now pursue ;
 Not so eternity appear,
 When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God ! thine aid impart
 To fix conviction on the heart :
 Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
 And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

DLII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The wise choice.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 395

- Father divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this frail and wav'ring heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Father! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DLIII. C. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

The virtuous use of prosperity.

- 1 **M**Y gracious God! accept my pray'r:
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well-meaning care,
And wealth should e'er be mine:
- 2 May humble worth without a fear
Approach my open door;
Nor may I ever view a tear,
Regardless, from the poor.
- 3 O bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.
- 4 With conscious truth and honour still,
My actions may I guide;

Nor

Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
Nor scorn, but that of pride.

5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
To thee my tribute raise;
Conclude each day with fervent pray'r,
And wake each morn with praise.

6 Thus thro' my life may I approve
The gratitude I owe;
And share at length thy bliss above,
Whose laws I keep below.

DLIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Retirement and meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my father go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

DLV.

DLV. Common Metre. COWPER.

Retirement.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O LORD! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

DLVI. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

God's dominion in storms.

- 1 **L**ORD of the earth, and seas, and skies!
All nature owns thy sov'reign pow'r:

At

398 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.
- 2 We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heav'n, tremendous sound !
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread bright horrors all around.
- 3 What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine, in vengeful storms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Descend to crush rebellious worms ?
- 4 Oh ! let thy mercy on my heart
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid ev'ry anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper, Thou art mine !
- 5 Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene, my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms, nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

DLVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God's dominion over the seas.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas ! thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice ;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 The scaly tribes amidst the sea,
To thee, their LORD, a tribute pay ;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Proclaims the mighty pow'r of God.
- 3 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst the wat'ry nations, LORD !

Yet

Yet the bold men who trace the seas,
Shall they refuse their Maker's praise?

- 4 When scenes of wonder here they see,
Then let them raise a song to thee;
And, while the flood they safely ride,
Bless the kind hand that smooths the tide.

DLVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The comforts of religion.

- 1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts, and boding
fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade:
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage
At her divine controul.
- 3 Through life's bewilder'd darksome way
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!
- 5 O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

DLIX. Short Metre. WATTS:

The pleasures of religion.

- 1 **C**OME, ye who love the LORD!
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus approach his throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Th' eternal God is ours,
The God whose name is love;
He will send down his quick'ning pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never more shall sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The sons of God have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:
We're trav'ling thro' the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

DLX. Long Metre. WATTS.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

- 1 **O**H! how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should tempests shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But not with equal swiftness flee:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 While cheerful hopes and smiles serene
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow,
They look beyond this mortal scene,
To pleasures which for ever flow.
- 5 They scorn to pine for worldly toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In musing o'er diviner joys,
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 Great God! who canst alone controul
The secret motions of the heart!
Do thou, in mercy to my soul,
Thy comfort, peace, and light impart.

DLXI. Long Metre. Cotton.

A good conscience the best support.

- 1 **W**HILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the
soul;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last:
- 2 That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though heav'n afflict, I'll not repine:
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which over death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils:
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod?
- 6 His hand will smoothe my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

DLXII. Common Metre. DODDRIIDGE.

Living habitually in the fear of God.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy men who, born from heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear!
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our off'rings to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctify'd to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

DLXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.

- 1 **THOU** art my portion, O my God!
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
 And glory in my choice:
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before mine eyes:
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways;
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine:
 O save thy servant, LORD!
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
 My hope is in thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
 Thy statutes to fulfil:
 And thus till mortal life shall end
 Will I perform thy will.

DLXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Desire of knowledge.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O LORD!
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand;
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
- 5 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me prize thy word the more,
And fly to that relief,

DLXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Desire of holiness.

- 1 **O** That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere :
 Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
 But keep my conscience clear.

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
 A stricter watch to keep :
 And, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road :
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

DLXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy
 face :

Oh ! let me never stray
 From thy commands, O God of grace !
 Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
 To keep me pure within,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From ev'ry rising sin.

3 My God ! I long, I hope, I wait,
 For thy salvation still ;
 While thy whole law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

DLXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Virtuous resolutions.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
May dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet employ:
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From vice and passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large!
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Depart from me, ye wicked race!
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

DLXVIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Prayer for divine aid.

- 1 **A**RE not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!
- 4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the LORD.

DLXIX. Short Metre. WATTS.

Divine assistance.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our saviour and our king,
Let all the saints, with joyful hearts,
Their humble praises sing.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known,

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 409

- 5 To God, the only wise,
All majesty belongs;
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs!

DLXX. Long Metre. MERRICK.

Desire of instruction.

- 1 **T**EACH me, O teach me, Lord! thy
way;
That to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.
- 2 Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight;
That, rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quick'ning strength supply;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

DLXXI. C. M. EXETER COLLEC.

Imploring divine direction.

- 1 **L**ORD, thro' the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy pow'rful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let

416 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boast:
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the LORD of hosts.
- 3 To thee, O my unerring guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.
- 4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me:
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, LORD, in thee.

DLXXII. L. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

Obedience to the divine will desired.

- 1 **M**AY I, thro' life's perplexing road,
Pursue the path mark'd out by God;
With cheerful resignation go
That path, tho' rough and thorny too.
- 2 If sickness, poverty, and pains,
Be here my lot, 'tis God ordains:
Be still, my soul! may grace prevent
All impious, fruitless discontent.
- 3 Though sorrows should on sorrows fall,
Still would I see thy hand in all;
And though frail nature sometime groan,
A father's hand I still would own.
- 4 From virtue's paths ne'er let me stray,
To tread the broad, tho' flow'ry way;
But still pursue that narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.

DLXXIII. L. M. BRISTOL COLLEC.

Personal virtues.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! rouse ev'ry pow'r,
Thy native dignity display:
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state,
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes;
Fix them on those divine delights,
Which angels taste above the skies.
- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize;
Each fleeting hour of life improve:
This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the world above.

DLXXIV. Long Metre. JERVIS.

Fidelity in the cause of truth and virtue.

- 1 **O**H! can I e'er forsake that Friend,
On whom my highest hopes depend?
Forbid it, LORD, that e'er my heart
From truth and duty should depart!
- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget my father's will;
Or dare submit to guilty shame,
And bring dishonour on his name.

3 Faith.

- 3 Faithful to him and to his laws,
 With zeal may I maintain his cause,
 The cause of truth and righteousness,
 'Midst trial, suffering, and distress.
- 4 If e'er I'm call'd to encounter death
 For him, may I resign my breath;
 And reap, at last, the bright reward
 Which waits the servants of the LORD.

DLXXV. L. M. MRS. STEELE,

The christian's noblest resolution.

- 1 **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win,
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my pow'rs to serve the LORD;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy!
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme controul,
 And in his kind commands rejoice,

DLXXVI.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 413

DLXXVI. C. M. COWPER.

Human frailty.

- 1 **W**EAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length;
Through dangers little known:
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

DLXXVII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Christian fortitude.

- 1 **C**OURAGE, my soul! while God is
near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is omnipotence?
- 2 Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away:

My

414 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- My feeble faith on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.
- 3 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul;
Firm as a rock my soul shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.
- 4 In life his presence is my aid;
In death 'twill guide me thro' the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

DLXXVIII. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The christian warfare.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger theat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's filken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage:
The meanest foe of all the train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come

- 5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love,
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell:
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful follow'rs fear?

DLXXIX. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The pilgrimage of life.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promis'd soil:
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin, our fears.
- 3 The flow'rs that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

DLXXX. Common Metre. WATTS.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move ;
'Tis hard to call them thence.
- 4 Be faith, and hope, and love divine
My soul's eternal food ;
And wean my fond, my anxious heart
From all created good.

DLXXXI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

True pleasure.

- 1 **H**OW vain a thought is bliss below !
'Tis all an airy dream :
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream !

2 Transf.

- 2 Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows :
While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shows !
- 3 But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow ;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.
- 4 O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heav'n substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight !
- 5 There pleasure flows for ever clear,
And rising to the view
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
As fancy never drew.
- 6 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembld smiles.

DLXXXII. Common Metre. NEWTON.

The instability of worldly enjoyments.

- 1 **T**HE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;

E e

Some

- Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
LORD, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

DLXXXIII. L. M. BRISTOL COLLEC.

All things work together for good to the righteous.

- 1 **N**OT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints:
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will,
Bid every murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke:
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal, and cheer the heart.

- 4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys.

DLXXXIV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support and comfort from God.

- 1 **M**Y God! the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in thy matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 3 Thy cov'nant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart;
And, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall cheer my trembling heart.

DLXXXV. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God every where present with his people.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God!
Wide thro' all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain;
When sep'rate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

DLXXXVI. Common Metre, Watts.

The temptations of the world.

- 1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 Honour's a puff of empty breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust;
They sacrifice th' eternal good
To mean and sordid lust.
- 4 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

DLXXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Faith of things unseen.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the LORD.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands:
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

DLXXXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Walking by faith, and not by sight.

- 1 **'T**IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the heav'nly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

DLXXXIX. C. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

The power of faith.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all our cares:
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

DXC.

DXC. Common Metre. WATTS.

Progressive virtue.

- 1 **M**ERE human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 2 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 3 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
The wings of faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

DXCI. Long Metre. WATTS.

The christian race.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

DXCII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The christian race.

- i **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 **A** cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye:
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

DXCIII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The near approach of salvation a motive to diligence.

- i **A** WAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise your maker's love,
Which shews salvation nigh.

2 Swift

- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature ! speed your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs ! decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

DXCIV. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant-time his being draw ;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thy unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Loft in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 With it, the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show ;
We gaze in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

- 5 Great source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

DXCV. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

A timely improvement of life.

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Spreads o'er the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace,
Improve the hours of light ;
And know, your maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the LORD,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

DXCVI.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 427

DXCVI. Short Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The shortness and uncertainty of life improved.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, LORD, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away:
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursu'd!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

DXCVII. Short Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The watchful christian.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!

- 3 Watch! 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

DXCVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The day of mercy and hope.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the LORD,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To fit us for the joys of heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oblivion, darkness, and despair,
Still reign in gloomy silence there.
- 5 Then the great work we have to do,
Let us with all our might pursue;
And wisely every hour employ,
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

DXCIX.

DXCIX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

True and lasting happiness.

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind:
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round;
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise my thoughts! my heart arise!
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There joys for evermore shall last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Thy mercy, LORD, to me impart:
O raise my thoughtless, wand'ring heart
To pleasures perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ:
No more, ye restless passions! roam:
God is my bliss, and heav'n my home.

DC. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Compassionate intercession for the thoughtless and inconsiderate.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God! with pitying eye,
The sons of men survey:
Alas! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way!

430 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B.III.

- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb:
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.
- 3 Reclaim, O LORD! their wand'ring minds,
Amus'd by airy dreams;
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
Their dang'rous state to see;
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heav'n and thee.

DCI. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The wonderful formation of man.

- 1 **W**HEN I with curious eyes survey
My complicated frame;
I read on ev'ry part inscrib'd
My great Creator's name.
- 2 With nicest art, in secret, God
Did ev'ry member write;
And when the model was complete
My eyes beheld the light.
- 3 He bade the purple flood of life
In circling streams to flow,
And sent the genial heat around,
Through ev'ry part to glow.
- 4 My heaving lungs, whilst they have pow'r
To fan the vital flame,
Shall sing thy praises, O my God!
Thy wondrous skill proclaim.

5 Why

- 5 Why was my body form'd erect,
 Whilst brutes bow down to earth?
 But that my soul should learn to know,
 And claim its nobler birth.
- 6 Author of life! my tongue shall sing
 The wonders of my frame:
 Long as I breathe, and think, and speak,
 I'll praise thy glorious name.

DCII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame!
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 A fleeting hour of time:
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
 Some dig for golden ore:
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
 From creatures, earth and dust?

I

They

They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

- 6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

DCIII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The shortness and vanity of life.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY maker of my frame!
Teach me the measure of my days:
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain are ambition, noise and show:
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe;
Then dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 5 Do thou the rule of passion curb;
Forgive my sins; their pow'r controul;
No more let conscious guilt disturb
The peace and comfort of my soul.

DCIV.

DCIV. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

The mutability of the creation, and the immutability of God.

- 1 GREAT former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth may crush us into dust.
- 3 But let the creatures fall around:
Let death consign us to the ground:
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies.
- 4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DCV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

- 1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

F f

3 But

434 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thine awful sentence, LORD, was just,
“ Return, ye finners, to your dust.”
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
A tale that's told ; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O LORD ! how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out the span ;
Till a wise care of piety,
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

DCVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 OUR God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same !
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“ Return, ye sons of men :”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,
Are

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 435

Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

5 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light :
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

6 Our God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

DCVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 **L**IFE, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song :
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

2 Time, like an ever-flowing stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

3 There are but few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And oft beyond that short account
'Tis sorrow, toil and pain.

4 Teach us, O God ! the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have ;
That we may choose that better part,
And live beyond the grave.

DCVIII. Short Metre. WATTS.

The frailty and shortness of life.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first:
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay:
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in fight:
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

DCIX. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 **G**REAT father of eternity!
How short are ages in thy fight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short, silent watch of night!

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 437

- 2 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
 Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
 Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 3 Our days, alas! how short their bound!
 Though slow and sad they seem to run,
 Revolving years roll swiftly round,
 A mournful tale, but swiftly done.
- 4 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And, with true diligence, apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

DCX. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Time flying, and death approaching.

- 1 **T**HAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours
 hence,
 And none resist the fatal dart:
 Continual warnings strike my sense;
 And shall they fail to strike my heart?
- 3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
 On the short period of day:
 Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
 Awake! rouse ev'ry active pow'r!

F f 3

And

And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!

5 LORD of my life! inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above!

DCXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Mortality, and hope of a resurrection,

1 **R**EMEMBER, LORD, our mortal state;
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man who draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 While all the sons of Adam die,
Shall we with hearts desponding cry,
O LORD! must death for ever reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust;
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That solemn hour, that glorious day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls! and bless the LORD.

DCXII.

DCXII. Proper Metre. WATTS.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, how frail is man!
 Few are the hours, and short the span,
 Between the cradle and the grave:
 Who can prolong his vital breath?
 Or from the bold demands of death
 Hath skill to fly, or pow'r to save?
- 2 But let no murm'ring heart complain
 That therefore man is made in vain,
 Nor the Creator's grace distrust:
 For though his servants, day by day,
 Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
 A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus has made thy purpose known,
 A new and better life has shewn,
 And we the glorious tidings hear:
 For ever blessed be the LORD,
 That we can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 That grace for ever, LORD, we praise,
 Which to thy saints the hope displays,
 Of endless life without a pain:
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim the wondrous love,
 Which makes e'en death itself our gain.

DCXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

God the preserver of frail man.

- 1 **L**ET others confident and vain,
 Nor death nor danger fear;

We would a lively sense maintain
That death is ever near.

- 2 Just like the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 'Tis God alone upholds our frame,
Who rear'd it from the dust;
Hosanna to his mighty name,
In whom is all our trust.

DCXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 **O**UR wasting lives are short'ning still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Still leaves the number less.
- 2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Good

- 4 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy, or unknown woe,
Depends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 6 Waken, O LORD! our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road;
That when we're summon'd to depart,
We may be found with God.

DCXV. Long Metre. JERVIS.

The prospect of sickness and death.

- 1 **W**HEN all the pow'rs of nature fail;
When sickness shall my heart assail,
Shall ev'ry nobler part pervade,
And ev'ry earthly wish shall fade:
- 2 When pain, of ev'ry nerve possess'd,
Shall vibrate in my throbbing breast;
Or languor o'er my senses steal,
And med'cine lose its pow'r to heal:
- 3 When death shall chill the vital heat;
When this fond heart shall cease to beat,
This falt'ring tongue forget to speak,
"A mortal paleness on my cheek:"

4 When

- 4 When my dim eyes are sunk in death,
And God, who gave, shall take my breath;
May he sustain my fainting heart,
And comfort to my soul impart.
- 5 May his bright presence bring relief
From fear, despondency and grief;
His cheering voice direct my way
To regions of eternal day.

DCXVI. Common Metre. BURNS.

A prayer in the prospect of death.

- 1 **O** THOU unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!
- 2 If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done:
- 3 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
- 4 Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

DCXVII.

DCXVII. P. M. HAWKESWORTH.

On death.

- 1 **Y**ET a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.
- 2 Great God! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between;
And can I trifle life away?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.
- 3 Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
Forget or scorn the laws of death;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they guide;
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.
- 4 Great cause of all! above, below,
Who knows thee must for ever know,
That thou'rt immortal and divine:
Thine image on my soul impress'd,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

DCXVIII.

DCXVIII. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on the state of our fathers.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers! hear;
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

DCXIX. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Our lives in the hand of God.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of life! before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow, that wears a crown.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 445

- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

DCXX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The great journey.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs, thy mortal frame,
The same my way, my home the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass!
- 4 Awake my soul! thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to God.

DCXXI.

DCXXI. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in death.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu !
Which I so long have known :
My friends, a long farewell to you !
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.
- 4 But see a ray of light,
With splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these dreary realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine,
- 5 Where death, where darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my stay :
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
- 6 Great shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great LORD is near.

DCXXII. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

The peace of the grave.

- 1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th'

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 447

Th' appointed house by heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

DCXXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

The christian happy in death.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
claims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How calm their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the LORD;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

DCXXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

The christian prepared to die.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so flow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the LORD,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his son.

DCXXV. Long Metre. WATTS.

Hope of resurrection.

- 1 **M**Y faith and hope in God are strong,
If with his gracious presence blest:
Be glad, my heart! rejoice, my tongue!
My dying flesh in hope shall rest.
- 2 Though

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 449

- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God ! thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high :
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

DCXXVI. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLEC.

*The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection
of man.*

- 1 **A**LL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

G g

6 Cheer'd

450 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
 I'll wait heav'n's high decree;
 Till the appointed period come
 When death shall set me free.

DCXXVII. Common Metre. WATTS:

Triumph over death.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay:
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs:
 Since God, my father, ever lives,
 And my Redeemer comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear,
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

DCXXVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Victory over death through Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms?
 Dark horror sits upon his brow,
 And vict'ry waits his arms.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 451

- 3 But see, my glorious leader nigh!
Jesus my saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 4 O God! be thou my sure defence,
My guard for ever near;
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.
- 5 O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine!
Sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

DCXXIX. Long Metre. WATTS.

A happy resurrection.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Cut short the hours, dear LORD! and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!
- 4 Oh! haste upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

DCXXX. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Death and judgment.

- 1 **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the great decree;
That Adam's race must die :
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the judge to see,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the judge behold
My Saviour and my friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

DCXXXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Approaching death and judgment.

- 1 **T**HE day approaches, O my soul !
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another

- 2 Another day more awful dawns;
And lo, the judge appears!
Ye heav'ns! retire before his face,
And sink, ye darken'd stars!
- 3 Yet does a short propitious hour,
A precious hour remain;
Rise then, my soul! with vigour rise,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 You too, my brethren! soon must die,
And at God's bar appear;
Then be our intercourse improv'd
To mutual comfort here.

DCXXXII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The circumstances of Christ's second appearance.

- 1 **M**Y rising soul! extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
And meditate the awful day
When this vain world shall pass away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heav'n's wide arch, from pole
to pole:
The sun no more his lustre boasts;
And trembling fall, the starry hosts.
- 3 The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound;
Loud the descending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam! all appear;
The last decisive sentence hear;

454 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To worlds of bliss, or realms of woe.

- 5 LORD, to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each revolving day,
And let me now with zeal prepare
To stand before thine awful bar.

DCXXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

God the supreme judge.

- 1 **H**E reigns; the LORD JEHOVAH reigns!
Praise him in everlasting strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and leaves the tomb:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

DCXXXIV. Long Metre. JERVIS.

The day of judgment.

- 1 **T**HAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When,

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 455

When, from death's awful slumber rous'd,
God's dread command all must obey.

- 2 Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And through the heavens tremendous roll:
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.
- 3 In glory, see! the judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.
- 4 The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast
Sounds through the regions of the dead:
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.
- 5 All-righteous and eternal judge!
When summon'd at thy bar to stand;
May we, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

DCXXXV. Long Metre. Roscommon.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay;
The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
Shall wake the nations under ground.
- 2 The judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known:
Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise.

G g 4

3 Thou

- 3 Thou great Creator of mankind!
 Let guilty man compassion find:
 My God, my father, and my friend!
 Do not forsake me in my end.
- 4 O save me from the dark abyfs,
 And raise me to the world of blifs;
 Give my exalted soul a place
 Among thy chosen heirs of grace.

DCXXXVI. L. M. BRISTOL COLLEC.

The mysteries of providence to be solved hereafter.

- 1 **T**HE heart dejected sighs to know,
 Why vice triumphant reigns below;
 Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age,
 The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away;
 Fast hastens on th' important day,
 When, to th' astonish'd world's surprise,
 God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 3 Hark! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound;
 The rising dead assemble round;
 In close procession see they come,
 Each to receive his final doom.
- 4 Lo there! a vile, degen'rate race;
 Pale terror sits on ev'ry face:
 Here, on the right, a joyful band,
 The sons of suff'ring virtue stand.
- 5 The sentence pass'd, lo! these arise
 To blifs and glory in the skies:
 While those who once stood high in fame,
 Sink to contempt and endless shame.

6 Thus

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 457

- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade, divinely fair;
And blushing doubt with joy confess
The LORD's a God of righteousness.

DCXXXVII. C. M. WATTS.

The end of the world.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Maker's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet's sound
Shall call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

DCXXXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The hope of the Christian.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign:
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art
mine!
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

DCXXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

- 1 **N**OR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys th' Almighty has prepar'd
For those who love his son.
- 2 But the good spirit of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But follow'rs of the Lamb.

DCXL.

DCXL. Long Metre. BROWNE.

Seeking the things above.

- 1 **T**O heav'n, my longing soul ! aspire,
And soar aloft with strong desire ;
Here choose thy lot, here fix thy rest,
And aim for ever to be blest.
- 2 Still keep yon blissful world in view,
And close the glorious chace pursue ;
The way leads up to rest above,
Through paths of purity and love.
- 3 This track pursue with ardent zeal ;
Each lust subdue, each foe repel ;
Still stretch thy wings, and upwards rise ;
Eternal glory is the prize.

DCXLI. Long Metre. BOWDEN.

The happiness of heaven.

- 1 **F**ROM this world's joys, and senseless
mirth,
O come, my soul ! in haste retire ;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heav'n aspire.
- 2 Here's nought below deserves delay,
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove ;
No solid ground thy hopes to stay,
Nor worthy object of thy love.
- 3 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry wish and want supply ;

Thy

460 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.

- 4 There dwells the sov'reign LORD of all,
The GOD that all the worlds adore;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.

DCXLII. Long Metre. MRS. STEELE.

Longing for immortality.

- 1 **I**MPERFECT creatures of a day,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppress'd,
We sigh the ling'ring hours away,
And wish, and long to be releas'd.
- 2 Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies.
- 3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot.
- 4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

DCXLIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope of immortality.

- 1 **T**HOSE happy realms of joy and peace
Fain would my heart explore:
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 461

- 2 No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame;
But ever active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.
- 3 But ah! a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom:
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.
- 4 O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!
- 5 Here fix, my soul! for life is here;
Light breaks amid the gloom;
Trust in JEHOVAH's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

DCXLIV. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

462 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

- 4 No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 6 There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 Oh! may this heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

DCXLV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD the everlasting light of good men.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewel, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The

B. III. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 463

4 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

DCXLVI. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

After sermon.

1 **T**HANKS for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, LORD, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

DCXLVII. P. M. UNKNOWN.

At the close of the evening service.

1 **T**HOU didst make the darksome night,
Glorious being! thou the day
Which we close with calm delight,
Pleas'd thy precepts to obey.

2 Bounteous providence divine!
Oh! how gracious is thy sway!

Duty

464 HYMNS AND PSALMS. B. III.

Duty and delight combine;
Truest bliss is to obey.

DCXLVIII. Long Metre. UNKNOWN.

At the close of the evening service.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind;
And reaps delight from toil and pain!
- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom, and driving show'r;
The sweetest sunshine is the last,
The loveli'st, is the evening hour.

DCXLIX. C. M. UNKNOWN.

The same subject.

- 1 **S**OON will our fleeting hours be past;
And as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receives the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

HYMNS

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

BOOK IV.

ADAPTED TO PARTICULAR CIRCUMSTANCES AND
OCCASIONS.

DCL. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The communion.

1 **T**O God most high, the sov'reign LORD;
Great name, by heav'n and earth
ador'd!

Our grateful hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 And while around this board we meet
To worship at thy glorious feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

3 Yes, LORD, we love and we adore;
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taste this bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

H h

4 Let

- 4 Let humble penitential woe
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

DCLI. Short Metre. WATTS.

The communion.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here may his people sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we shew forth his love,
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Our heav'nly father calls
Christ and his members one;
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born son.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know:
Brethren we are; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
Our father's name to raise;
Let gratitude fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

DCLII.

DCLII. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLEC.

*Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of
Christ.*

- 1 **Y**E follow'rs of the prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he dy'd.
- 3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

DCLIII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

GOD our helper.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **M**Y helper Gop! I bless his name;
The same his pow'r, his grace the
same:

H h 2

The

The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on life's last shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DCLIV. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on our waste of time.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 **R**EMARK, my soul! the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear.

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal man has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Great God! awake this trifling heart,
My great concern to see;
That I may choose the better part,
And wholly live to thee.

4 Thus

B. IV. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 469

- 4 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

DCLV. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Life precarious.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **G**OD of my life! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning
year;
Our feeble life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew our annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the dark regions of the dead,
Since from this day the circling sun
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Secure from all th' attacks of death?
- 4 That breath is in thy hand, O God!
'Tis thine to fix my last abode;
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 While time's impetuous tide rolls on,
We know that we must soon be gone:
Oh may we reach th' eternal shore
Where time and death are known no more!

DCLVI. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Help obtained of God.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
Our op'ning years thy mercy shew;
That mercy crowns them as they flow.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble pray'r,
And banish ev'ry anxious care.
- 4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, our hope, our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
In better worlds our souls shall boast
Our helper, God, in whom we trust.

DCLVII. Common Metre. WATTS,

A psalm for a master of a family.

- 1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
With grace and justice, heav'nly king,
Teach me to rule my house.

B. IV. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 471

- 2 Now to my tent, O God ! be near,
And make thy servant wise ;
And let me suffer nothing there,
That shall offend thy eyes.
- 3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
Or dares oppress the poor ;
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
Be distant from my door.
- 4 Still may I seek the good and just,
And still their help enjoy ;
Such be the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I employ.
- 5 While sin in others I reprove,
Be ev'ry virtue mine ;
And let the wisdom from above
Through all my conduct shine.
- 6 Who shall the most in love abound,
Our sole contention be ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling dear to thee.

DCLVIII. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Family religion.

- 1 FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Tho' Lord of heav'n, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

H h 4

3 To

- 3 To thee let each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join thy family above.

DCLIX. Long Metre. Miss Scott.

Family religion,

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the LORD shall build
my house,
An altar to his name I'll raise;
There morn and ev'ning shall ascend
The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.
- 2 With dutious mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.
- 3 If num'rous blessings of the earth
Indulgent providence afford,
With warm united hearts we'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the LORD.
- 4 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till, ripen'd for a happier state,
We meet th' assembl'd church above.

DCLX.

DCLX. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

Secret devotion.

- 1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise;
The day shall close in peace;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

DCLXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
And when thy face was turn'd aside,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 Hear

- 3 Hear me, O God of grace! I said,
And raise me from among the dead;
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 4 I will extol thee, LORD, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 5 Thine anger but a moment stays;
Thy love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

DCLXII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Devotion in sickness.

- 1 **D**ISEASES are thy servants, LORD!
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 2 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 3 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

DCLXIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 **I** LOVE the LORD, he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan:

Long

B. IV. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 475

Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the LORD : he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray!

3 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

4 The LORD beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

DCLXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

Public thanks for private deliverances.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

3 Now I am thine, for ever thine ;
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand can loose my bands of pain,
And bind me with thy love.

4 Here

- 4 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Bear witness, all who hear me now,
If I forsake the LORD.

DCLXV. Common Metre. WATTS.

A funeral thought.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs an awful sound!
My ears attend the cry:
Ye living men! come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your pow'rs!
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Then let us ev'ry hour employ,
With wisdom and delight;
Till hope shall terminate in joy,
And faith be lost in sight.

DCLXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

Meditation on death.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
Come, search the dust beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns the pow'r of death.

2 See,

B. IV. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 477

- 2 See, how the tyrant triumphs here!
His trophies scatter'd round!
What heaps of mould'ring bones appear
Through all the hollow ground!
- 3 Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try death's doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and vain the strife
To gain a moment's stay.
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
O'er our cold limbs, and say—
“Once they were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they.”
- 5 Thus shall our lifeless members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudly preach
Man's first and great concern.

DCLXVII. Common Metre. WATTS.

Death of kindred improved.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and
die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;

While

While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below ;
Let hope our grief dispel ;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

DCLXVIII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Hope in the death of friends.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are
borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains !
- 2 But down to earth, alas ! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes :
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray ;
And guides us, from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.
- 4 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow ;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

DCLXIX.

DCLXIX. L. M. SALISBURY COLLEC.

A funeral hymn.

- 1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.
- 3 Parent, protector, guardian, guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 Our father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion and our friend!
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

DCLXX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

On the death of a parent.

- 1 **T**HO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs
o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend!
With

- With heart resign'd, his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children rise
Through death's dark shades, to realms of
light?
Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
- 4 His word, here let your soul rely,
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heav'nly father cannot die,
Th' eternal friend for ever lives.
- 5 O be that dearest friend your trust,
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

DCLXXI. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

On the death of a young person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb;

It

It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow, death may come,

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

DCLXXII. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

On the death of a child.

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender transient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?
- 3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo!—stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

DCLXXII

I i

6 Then

- 6 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

DCLXXIII. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

On the death of a friend.

- 1 **I**S there no kind, no lenient art,
 To heal the anguish of the heart?
 To ease the heavy load of care,
 Which nature must, but cannot bear?
- 2 Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
 Too weak, alas, her strongest aid!
 O let religion then be nigh,
 Her comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
 And nature owns her kind controul;
 While she unfolds the sacred page,
 Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.
- 5 The promise guides her ardent flight,
 And joys unknown to sense invite,
 Those blissful regions to explore,
 Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

DCLXXIV.

DCLXXIV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn for a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.

- 1 **L**ET our dejected hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry :
Why should those eyes be drown'd in tears,
Which view a father nigh ?
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 3 Th' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 To him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly ;
And on th' eternal shepherd's care
With cheerful hope rely.
- 5 The pow'rs of nature, LORD, are thine ;
And thine the aids of grace :
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless :
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

DCLXXV. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

At the settlement of a religious society.

- 1 **G**REAT LORD of angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts
below;
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share?
- 5 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

DCLXXVI. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

On opening a new place of worship.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?

And

- And will he, from his radiant throne,
 Regard our temples as his own?
- 2 Our father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill the worshippers with dread.
- 3 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

DCLXXVII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On occasion of a dreadful fire.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! our humbled souls
 Before thy presence bow:
 With all thy magazines of wrath,
 How terrible art thou!
- 2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
 Like a wild deluge pour;
 And all our confidence of wealth
 Lies moulder'd in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
 Destruction rears its head;
 And blacken'd walls, and smoking heaps,
 Through all the streets are spread.

I i 3 4 LORD,

- 4 LORD, in the dust we lay us down,
 And mourn thy righteous ire;
 Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
 That snatch'd us from the fire.
- 5 O may we view, with dauntless eyes,
 The last tremendous day,
 When earth and seas, and stars and skies
 In flames shall melt away.

DCLXXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

The mariner's praise for deliverance.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
 His wonders in the world abroad,
 Go with the mariners, and trace
 The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
 And seize the favour of the wind,
 Till God commands, and tempests rise,
 That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
 Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
 His mercy hears their loud address,
 And sends salvation in distress.
- 4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
 The furious waves forget their rage:
 'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
 The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 5 O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the LORD!
 Let them their grateful off'rings bring,
 And in the church his glory sing.

DCLXXIX.

DCLXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

National prosperity.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God! on Britain shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy cheering face.
- 2 Amidst our isle exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favour'd land.
- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And ev'ry nation know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the LORD, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 Th' eternal God, the judge supreme,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield her full increase:
Our God will crown this happy isle
With virtue, truth and peace.
- 7 God the Creator scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

DCLXXX. Short Metre. WATTS.

The honour and safety of a nation.

- 1 **I**N Britain God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone!
How wondrous is his grace!
- 2 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 3 In ev'ry new distress,
We'll to his house repair,
We'll meditate his works of grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

DCLXXXI. Long Metre. WATTS.

Peace and protection from God.

- 1 **Y**E righteous! in your king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease:
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 3 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth! and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

B. IV. HYMNS AND PSALMS. 489

- 4 Be still, and know that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
I will be known and fear'd abroad;
But still my throne in Sion stands,

DCLXXXII. C. M. PATRICK.

National tranquillity and security from God.

- 1 **I**N vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide;
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.
- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet;
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through ev'ry trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

DCLXXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

Hymn on the revolution by king William.

- 1 **T**O thee, most Holy, and most High!
To thee we bring our thankful praise:
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain

- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 Such blessings never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God supreme doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 4 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

DCLXXXIV. Long Metre. WATTS.

A hymn for the fifth of November.

- 1 **H**AD not the LORD, may Britain say,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:
- 2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who broke the fowler's cruel snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his gracious care.
- 4 Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies:
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

DCLXXXV.

DCLXXXV. Proper Metre. KIPPIS.

National thanksgiving.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The blessings liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display:
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way,
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim:
Britons through ev'ry age shall own,
JEHOVAH here has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 4 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may God in Britain reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain!

DCLXXXVI. Long Metre. AIKIN.

Hymn in time of war.

- 1 **W**HILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
8 To

To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race;

3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of-hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great God! whose pow'rful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

DCLXXXVII. Long Metre. DYER.

Hymn for a fast.

1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r:

2 Thine

- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the winds, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor,
Or av'rice stain the sordid hand;
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land:
- 5 The God, who hears the orphan's cry,
The martyr's pray'r, and prisoner's groan,
Still listening to the poor oppress'd,
Would spurn th' oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet though enormous crimes abound,
Should but a generous sorrow rise;
And as new troubles threaten round
'Midst wasting wars, and angry skies;
- 7 Should Britain, in her sober hour,
Confess thine hand, and bless the rod;
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,
Who lov'd to own thee as her God.

DCLXXXVIII. Common Metre. JERVIS.

The designs of providence in the changes and revolutions of the world.

- 1 **G**OD, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise;

But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His awful banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly glory, pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres,
crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and misery prevail,
And desolation wide;
In God, the sov'reign LORD of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Dark and mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet though envelop'd in the cloud,
And from our view conceal'd;
The righteous judge will soon appear;
In majesty reveal'd!

7 Then will he curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

8 Then all the sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurl'd;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

DCLXXXIX. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

In time of war.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode ;
Or offer their imperfect pray'r
Before a just and holy God ?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face :
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet ;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite :
Again attend our humble pray'r,
Again be mercy thy delight !
- 4 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 5 O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more ;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore ?
- 6 When shall the gospel's healing ray,
Kind source of amity divine,
Spread o'er the world celestial day ?
When shall the nations, LORD, be thine ?

DCXC. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise for national peace.

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain:
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

THE END.

AN INDEX for finding a HYMN adapted to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

N. B. The Numbers refer to the Hymns.

A
ABSENCE from God, lamented, 489.

Acquiescence in the will of God, 306.

Afflictions, benefit of, 464. The merciful chastisements of God, 412, 422. Comfort, support, and deliverance, 133, 455, 480. Deliverance from them, publickly acknowledged, 664. Presence of God in them, 471. Proceeding from God, and productive of good, 583. God, the only refuge in them, 481. Resignation when they occur, 467, 468. Trust in God whilst they are continued, 469, 470, 487. See *Hope* and *Trust*.

Aged christian's reflections and hope, 548. Prayer for support, 549, 550.

Aids, divine, confided in and implored, 234, 248, 568. See *Grace*.

Anxiety, disquieting, remedy for, 322, 325, 326, 387. Worldly, reproved, 380. Under the trials of virtue, restrained, 382.

Ascension of Christ, 123, 410.

Aspirations, devout, 325. After the christian temper, 206.

Attributes of God. See *God*.

Autumnal hymn, 194.

B

Beatitudes, 529.

Benevolence, 523. See *Charity* and *Love*.

Benignity of God and of providence. See *God* and *Providence*.

Blessing of God on the business and comforts of life, 395. Joy and prosperity from it, 396.

Blessings, temporal and spiritual, acknowledged, 132. Spiritual preferred to temporal, and complicated, 208, 300. Praise for temporal, 258. Of the pious and charitable, 515, 516, 517, 518. Of friendship, 520. Of the gospel, see *Gospel*. Of providence and redemption, 159.

Book of nature and scripture. See *Scripture*.

Britain, happy in climate and seasons, 93. Honour and safety of it, 680. Prosperity of it, 679. National thanksgiving, 685.

Brotherly love. See *Charity* and *Love*.

C

Candour, 438.

Care of God, an antidote to distressing anxiety, 322.

Charity, essential to the christian character, 511. Most excellent grace, 508. Inculcated by the doctrine and example of Christ, 522. Properties of it, 512, 513. And unity, 509. And zeal, 506. See *Love*.

Children, a blessing, 395. Instructed. See *Education*.

Choice, wise, 552. Of the christian, 638.

- Christ*, birth of, 400. Coming and kingdom of, 402. Desire of nations, 401. Example of, 417, 418, 419. Grace by him, 399, 409, 416. Invitations of mercy by him, 452. Light of the world, 298, 425. Light and deliverance by him, 462. Mission of, 399, 414. The prophet of God, 405. His resurrection, a ground of triumph over death, 420. His second appearance, with the circumstances attending it, 632. His sufferings, 418. Triumph of his kingdom, 406, 408, 409. Truth and grace by him, 121, 132. Gospel of, see *Gospel*. Salvation of, see *Salvation*. Redemption of, see *Redemption*.
- Christian*, character, 459, 528, 529, 532, 533, 537. Charity, see *Charity*. Church, see *Church*. Race, see *Race*. Religion, the excellency of it, 250. Sabbath, see *Sabbath* and *Lord's Day*. Temper, aspirations after it, 206. Led to heaven, 392, 393. His prospect, 534, 539. Watchful, 597.
- Church*, Christian, Christ the foundation of it, 411. Garden of God, 15. God's presence in it, 17, 219, 330. Union of Jews and Gentiles in it, 12.
- Communion*, hymn on occasion of it, 650, 651, 652. Of saints, 510.
- Compassion*, to the afflicted, 515. And bounty of God, 269. And liberality, 516. Maternal, emblem of that of God, 481. And mercy, 293, 460. To human frailty, 296, 497.
- Condescension* of God, to the affairs of man, 45, 46, 181, 182, 185, 314, 367. To the humble and penitent, 282. To our worship, 19, 213.
- Confession* of sin, see *Penitence* and *Pardon*.
- Confidence* in God, see *Trust*.
- Conscience*, dictates of, regarded, 210. Good, pleasures of, 560. The best support, 561. Tender, 566. Its guilt relieved, 441, 452, 454, 456, 589. See *Pardon* and *Penitent*.
- Consolation*, divine, prayer for, 495. From God in adversity, 272, 274, 480, 486.
- Contentment*, profession of, 206. And resignation, 572. And tranquillity, 472.
- Covenant* with Christ, 398. Sealed by Christ, 44. Of divine love, 584.
- Creation* of the world, 63. And redemption, celebrated, 129, 137, 138, 139. Of man, 156, 157, 160. See *Man*.
- Creator*, God the, see *God*. Praise to him, see *Praise*.
- Creatures*, God the support of all, 70, 71. Vain, and God all-sufficient, 362. No trust in them, 142, 143, 144. All of them praise God, see *Praise*.
- D
- Death*, comfort and support in sickness and, 472, 584, 621. Meditations upon it, 617, 666. Preparation for it, 607, 624. Triumph over it, 627; by the resurrection of Christ, 420. Victory over it through Christ, 628. Prospect of sickness and, 615. Prayer in the prospect of it, 616. Warning of it, 610. Life, death, and the resurrection, 612. Christian happy in it, 623. And judgment, 630, 631. Of a child, 672. Of our fathers, improved, 618. Of a friend, 673. Of our friends and kindred, 620. Of a young person, 671. Of a minister, reflections upon it by his vacant congregation, 674, 675.
- Decrees* of God, and dominion, 31. A foundation of acquiescence and hope, 374. Of providence,

vidence, unsearchable, 375.
Dedication to God, 277.
Delight in public worship, see *Worship*.
Desires, virtuous, cherished and expressed, 273.
Devotion, daily and nightly, 223, 364. And gratitude, 335. Habitual, 195. And homage, 20. Public, and confidence in God, 19. Influence, and pleasures of it, 562. Pleasures of it, 11. Secret, 660. In sickness, 662. Vain without virtue, 505. See *Worship*.
Domestic peace and harmony, 519.
Dominion of God over nature, 29, 31, 32, 49, 58, 176, 177. Absolute and supreme, 193. Universal, 240. Over the seas, 557. In storms, 556. Of man over creatures, 181.

E

Education, religious, benefit of, 544, 545, 546.
Enemies, of Christ, vanquished, 406. Christ's compassion to them, 418. Of the christian, 578. Love to them, 508. Preservation from them, 390.
Envy, deliverance from it, suplicated, 573. Of the Jews against Christ, 411. Prayer against it, 206. Reproved, 536. Restrained by christian charity, 509, 512. Subdued by prudence, 528.
Equity of the divine dispensations, 376. And justice, 527.
Eternity of God, 281, 388. See *God*. Contrasted against the brevity of time, 594, 596, 605, 606, 608, 609, 614, 617, 642, 654, 655.
Evening hymns, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 117, 647, 648, 649.

F

Faith, in Christ, 230, 404. In an

invisible God, 500. And hope of immortality, 643. Insufficient without love, 508, 511. Power of it, 589. In the promises, 369, 370. Of things unseen, 587. Triumph over death by it, 627, 628. Walking by it, 588. In divine grace and power, see *Trust*.
Faithfulness of God, and truth, 187, 241, 370, 371, 398. See *Promises*.
Family, blessings, 395. Hymn for the master of it, 657. Peace, see *Domestic*. Religion, see *Religion*.

Faith, hymn for, 687.

Fathers, reflections on their state, and their death improved, 618.

Fear of God, see *God*; and *Piety*.

Fire, hymn on occasion of it, 677.

Forgiveness, see *Pardon*.

Fortitude, christian, 577. In death, 490, 628. Derived from trust in God, 355. Integrity, and hope, 543. Virtuous, 567.
Frailty of man, and dominion of God, 49. Compassion of God to it, 296. Acknowledged and lamented, 576. And eternity of God, 606. And brevity of life, see *Life*.

Friendship, blessings of, 520. Pious, 521.

Funeral hymns, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 611, 612, 669. Thought, 665.

G

Gentiles and Jews united in the christian church, 12. Christ's kingdom among them, 408, 409.
Glory, of God, and majesty, 28, 47. In his works, 69. Above our reason, 389. Perfection of grace, 323.

God, all in all, 395, 396. All-knowing, 342, 491. All-seeing, 339, 341. All-sufficient, and creatures vain, 362. All-sufficient, portion of good men, 315.

His

His attention to man, 158. Constant benefactor, 163. His benignity and mercy, 41, 252. His blessing implored, 228. The only consolation, 262, 274, 486. The Creator of man, 60, 156, 157. The defence of his people, 355. Man's dependence upon him, 377. Eternal sovereign, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 59. Eternal and unchangeable, 55, 259, 260, 281, 388, 605, 606. Everlasting light of good men, 645. Exalted above all praise, 30. Existence declared by the voice of nature, 61; known by his works, 62. His goodness, see *Goodness*. Our guide and portion, 295. Hearer of prayer, 214. Our helper, (proper for the close, or commencement, of the year), 653, 656. His holiness, see *Holiness*. His house, 222. Incomprehensible, 25, 42, 389. Intellectual light, 192. Invisible, 232, 500. Supreme judge, 175, 633. Leader of his people, 407. Light and comfort from him, 289. Life and safety in him, 331. His majesty, see *Majesty*. His mercy, see *Mercy*. His mercies innumerable, 266. Omnipresent, 340, 341, 585. His perfections, see *Perfection*. Speaking peace to his people, 496. Our portion, here and hereafter, 492. His presence desired, 332. Assurance of his presence, 358. Worthy of perpetual praise, 33. Praise in his house, 16. Our preserver, 353, 613. Our preserver and deliverer, 133. His providence, see *Providence*. Our refuge, 357. Refuge in adversity, 316. Christian's refuge in time of terror, 461. Refuge of the righteous, 168, 173. Refuge and strength, 386. His kind regard to the righteous, 254. Security in him, 253.

Our shepherd, see *Shepherd*. Source of comfort, deliverance, and hope, 499. Support of all creatures, 70, 71. Support of nature, 72, 76, 77. Supreme, 361. Unchangeable, 261, 285. Universal sovereign, 172. His unity, see *Unity*. His wisdom, see *Wisdom*. Love of God, see *Love*. Trust in him, see *Trust*.

Good, see *Happiness*. Man, character of him, 532; his happiness, 533, 537.

Goodness of God, 34, 35. In his works, 74. Celebrated, 124, 131, 136, 190, 242, 498. Contrasted against the shortness of life, 368. Distinguishing to man, 181. Experience of it, encouraging, 204. And equity, 271. Faith and hope in it, 149. Never ceasing, 188. Peculiar to the people of God, 167. And truth, 142, 143, 144. Universal and perpetual, 161, 165.

Gospel, blessings of the, 229, 235, 403, 425. Conversation, becoming it, 439. Excellency of it, 424. Power of it, and emblems of its effects, 413. Praise for it, 230. Success of it, 410.

Government of God, equity of it, 251. Joy in it, 267, 268. Reverence of it, 193. Stability of it, 51.

Grace, assistance of, implored, 248, 568. And glory, 323. And providence, see *Providence*. By Christ, see *Christ*.

Gratitude, 302. And acquiescence in all things, 394. To the author of nature, 86. And devotion, 335. To God, 169, 170, 312. Of the heart, 290. Obligation to it, 166. And supplication, 82.

Grave, peace of the, 622.

H

Hallelujah, 183.

Happiness, in the favour of God, 336.

336. Favour of God, the only satisfying good, 483. God, the supreme good, 488. God, the only happiness of man, 494. Of life, 542. In the mind, 291. Perfect, not on earth, 478. Of the poor in spirit, 423, 529. Of the divine presence, 484. Searching after it, 337. True and lasting, 473, 599. From confidence in God, see *Trust*. *Heaven*, aspiring after it, 640, 642. Christians led to it, see *Christian*. Happiness of it, 641, 644, 645. Hope of it from the resurrection of Christ, 421. Hope of it, support under trial, 397. Invisible and holy, 639. Qualifications for it, 533. *Holiness*, desires of, 206, 565. Of God, 42, 231. *Honour*, true, 539. *Hope*, of the christian in the prospect of futurity, 638. In distress, 263. In God, 264. From experience of divine goodness, 321. Founded on the kind attention of God to man, 325, 326. Founded on past deliverances, 341. Of heaven, see *Heaven*. In the mercy of God, 449. In the contemplation of the divine perfections, 387. Of the presence and favour of God, 458. Prevailing over melancholy and despondence, 445. *House of God*, 222. Praise to God in it, 224. Of prayer, 227. Privileges of it, 18. *Humility* and retirement, 294. And submission, 466. *Hypocrisy*, see *Sincerity*.
- I
- Idols*, vain, 173. *Jerus*, captivity of, 347. United with gentiles in the christian church, see *Church*. Envy of Christ, see *Envy*. *Imitation of God*, 503. *Immortality*, longing for, 642.
- Man formed for it, 160. View and hope of it, 643. *Incomprehensible God*, see *God*. *Instruction*, desire of, 564, 570, 571. See *Education and Scripture*. *Institutions*, religious, attendance upon them, 329. Public, benefit of them, 247. *Integrity*, fortitude, and hope, 543. Evidences of it, 532, 533. And fidelity, in the cause of truth and virtue, 574. *Intercession* for the thoughtless, 600. *Intolerance*, see *Persecution*. *Journey*, the great, 620. *Israel*, led to Canaan, 392, 393. See *Miracles*. *Judge*, supreme, see *God*. *Judgment*, death and, 630, 631. Day of, 634, 635. Mysteries of providence, resolved at this period, 636. Private, right and duty of, 436, 437, 438. *Justice*, 526. And equity, 527. Of God, 42. See *Equity*.
- K
- Kingdom of Christ*, see *Christ* and *Gentiles*. *Knowledge*, desire of, 564, 570. And fear of God, 44. Of God by his works, 62. Of God, comprehending all circumstances of the life and character of good men, 491. Of God, implored, 320.
- L
- Law*, of God, delight in it, 428. Of liberty, 432. *Liberality*, and compassion, 515, 516. Rewarded, 517, 518. *Liberty*, and peace, return of, 348. Perfect law of, 432. Of judgment, 436. *Life*, God the source of it, 63. Changes of it, appointed by God, 379. Day of mercy and hope, 598. Death, and the resurrection, 612. Old age, and preparation

- ration for death, 607. Frailty and brevity of it, 608, 609, 612. Frailty and vanity of it, 603. Frailty and uncertainty of it, improved, 596. In the hand of God, 619. Pilgrimage of it, 579. Precarious, 655. Preserved by God, 613. Reflections on its brevity, 618. Shortness of it, 368. Succeeded by eternity, 614. Timely improvement of it, 595.
- Lord's Day*, Hymns for it, 14, 123, 124. Morning, 6, 7, 8, 125, 126. Prayer, imitated, 205; paraphrased, 297.
- Love*, of God, better than life, 5, 287. Professed, 501, 502. God's, to the righteous, 535. To God and man, 506. To God, 507. To Man, 523. Brotherly, 513. From the precepts and example of Christ, 652. See *Charity*. Divine, desire of, 7, 288; pleasures of, 278.
- M
- Majesty* of God, and condescension, 46, 182, 185, 243. And glory, 28. And goodness, 34. And kingdom, 283. And meanness of man, 359. And power, 27, 176.
- Man*, dominion over creatures, 181. Wonderful formation of him, 601. Vanity of him as mortal, 602, 603. Frail and mortal, and God eternal, 605, 606.
- Mariner's* praise for deliverance, 678.
- Meekness*, 525, 529.
- Melancholy* removed. See *Hope*.
- Mercy*, to the afflicted, 515. See *Compassion*. Of God and Benignity, 41. And compassion, 293, 317, 453, 460. Hope of it, 451. Invitations of it, 452. Supplified, 450. And truth, 137.
- Messiah*, promised, birth of, 401, 404.
- Ministers*, on occasion of their death, 674. On occasion of their settlement, 675.
- Miracles*, attending Israel's journey, 344, 345, 346, 392, 393, 407.
- Morning*, or evening, hymns for, 106, 107. Hymns for it, 111, 116, 118. Prayer, 119, 120. Goodness renewed morning and evening, 121. See *Lord's Day*.
- Mortality* of man, and hope of a resurrection, 611. See *Death*, *Funeral*, *Life*, and *Man*.
- N
- Nation*, happiness of it, 362. Honour and safety of it, 680. Humiliation of it, 687. Peace of it, 690. Prosperity of it, 679. Security of it in a time of calamity, 356. Supplication of it, 689. Thanksgiving of it, 685. Tranquillity and security of it from God, 681, 682.
- Nature*, book of, and scripture, 128, 129, 130. God of, 72. Gratitude to the author of it, 86. Invoked to praise the Creator, 84, 85. Praise from all, 85, 92. Voice of, 61. Works of, see *Works*.
- Night-season*, meditations for it, 122.
- November*, the fifth, hymns for, 683, 684.
- O
- Obedience*, sincere, see *Penitence* and *Sincerity*. The best sacrifice, 179. With an habitual regard to God, 562. Professions of it, 563. And resignation, 572. Voluntary, 249.
- Pardon*,

- P**
- Pardon*, blessedness of those who obtain it, 448. Upon confession, 441. Hope of it from the divine mercy, 449. Light and deliverance by it, 462. Mercy and, 444. And peace, 454. And Penitence, 442, 443, 459. Relief to the guilty and distressed mind from the hope of it, 451, 456, 457.
- Patience*, under affliction, see *Resignation* and *Submission*. And *Charity*, supplicated, 197.
- Peace*, blessedness of those who promote it, 529. And liberty, see *Liberty*. National, praise for it, 690. And protection from God, 681. And security from God, 682.
- Penitence*, 442, 443. And hope, 449. And sincere obedience, 446. Object of mercy, 453. And pardon, 459. Professions of it, 563.
- Penitent*, returning, 292. Mercy to him, 457, 460, 529. Peace to him, 454. His supplication, 455.
- Perfections* of God, see *God*. Displayed in his works, 64. And providence of God, 140, 141.
- Persecution* and intolerance, inconsistent with religion and the gospel, 437. Relief under it, 461, 465. Resolutions in the view of it, 567.
- Perseverance* of the righteous, 540. In obedience and resignation, 572. Professions of it, 563, 564. And progress in virtue, 590. By divine protection and help, 19.
- Piety*, habitual, 559, 562. Instructions of, see *Education*.
- Pilgrimage* of life, 579.
- Pleasure*, dangerous, 580. True, 581. Of religion and worship, see *Religion* and *Worship*.
- Poor*, charity to them, see *Liberality*.
- Power* of God, 29, 42. And providence, 38. See *God* and *Majesty*.
- Praise* to God in his house, 16, 213, 224. To the Creator, 23, 24, 73. On earth and in heaven, 194. Everlasting in heaven, 138, 338. For experienced favour, 308. To God, 171, 172, 186. To the God of nature, 76, 77, 83. To the God of the seasons, 96, 97, 98. For the goodness of God, 131, 134, 142, 143, 144. Hymns of, 226, 239, 311, 314, 314. Invitation of good men to it, 201. Invocation of nature to it, 84, 85, 90. In life and death, 202, 203. Man's peculiar duty, 196, 199. Obligation to it, 166. Accompanied with obedience, the best sacrifice, 179. For national peace, 690. Perpetual, 33, 191. And prayer, 309. In prosperity and adversity, 207. Public, 218. Of the righteous, 164. Sincere, 180. Solemn, 21, 22. For spiritual and temporal blessings, 132. And thanksgiving, 184. Universal, 48, 75, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 87, 89, 92, 174, 178, 183, 244, 245, 246, 255, 256, 276, 281, 284, 299, 307.
- Prayer*, for divine aid, 248, 568. For contentment, charity, faith and resignation, 197, 198. For divine favour, guidance and protection, 209. God, the hearer of it, 214. And gratitude, 646. House of, 227. Lord's, see *Lord's Prayer*. Public, and praise, 218. For spiritual blessings, 208, 300. Universal, 210, 211, 212.
- Predictions* concerning Christ fulfilled, 400, 401, 402, 404, 405, 406, 414.
- Presence*

- Presence of God*, with his people, 585. The consolation of it, implored, 495. Earnestly sought, 489. The life and light of the soul, 490. See *God*.
- Promises*, confidence in them, 369. See *Trust*. Consolation derived from them to the humble and penitent, 463. God's faithfulness to them, 241, 370, 371.
- Prospect of the Christian*, 534, 539.
- Prosperity*, and adversity, 372. Acknowledgment of God in them, 133, 207. Dangerous, 474. Insufficient without faith and resignation, 477, 478, 483, 488, 494, 536. Dangerous and insufficient, 133, 493, 581, 582, 602, 603.
- Protection of God*, and assistance, acknowledged and confided in, 569. Confidence in it, 151, 152. And deliverance, 204, 351, 352, 353. Hymn for daily protection, 120. And peace, 681. See *God*, *Providence*, *Safety*, and *Trust*.
- Providence*, benignity and extent of it, 37. In the blessings of the year, 103. Blessings of it, 158. Celebrated, 137, 138. Consolatory reflections upon it, 477. Creation and redemption, 139, 159. Dependence upon it, 162. Designs of it in natural vicissitudes and revolutions, 688. Dispensations of it affording instruction to the young, 544. Encouraging views of it, 479. Favourable to good men, 272, 275. And grace, 40. Kind and bountiful, 39, 189. Mystery of it, 373. Mystery and benignity of it, 378. Mystery of it, unfolded, 474, 636. Natural and moral, 343. And perfections of God, 36, 140, 141. And power, 38, 310. In the seasons, 94, 95. Vicissitudes of it, 475. Universal, acknowledged, 200. Wisdom and righteousness of it, asserted, 360.
- Prudence*, 528. In redeeming time, 594.
- Q**
- Qualifications for heaven*, 532, 533.
- R**
- Race*, Christian, 591, 592.
- Redemption*, blessings of creation, providence, and, 137, 138, 139. And of Providence, 159. See *Christ*, *Gospel*, and *Salvation*.
- Rejoicing in the government of God*, see *Government*. In the works of God, 66, 67.
- Religion*, advantages of early, 546. Comforts of it, 538. Family, 658, 659. The one thing needful, 551. Pleasures of it, 328, 559. Yoke of it easy, 415.
- Repentance*, see *Penitent* and *Penitence*.
- Resignation* and acquiescence, 306, 383. Contentment and obedience, 572. To God, 286. And patient hope, 476. And peace in affliction, 467. And thankfulness, 384, 385. See *Submission* and *Trust*.
- Resolutions*, pious and virtuous, 567. Christian's noblest, 575.
- Resurrection*, of Christ, day of it, 123, 124, 125, 329. Ground of hope, 421. Triumph over death by it, 420. Life, death, and resurrection, 612. Emblems of it in the vegetable creation, 626. Hope of it, 611, 625, 638. Happy, 629. And judgment, 634. And end of the world, 637.
- Retirement* and devotion, 555. And humility, 294. And meditation, 554.
- Revelation*, advantages of it, 538. See *Scripture*.

Reve,

Reverence of God, our supreme governor, 193. See *God* and *Worship*.

Revolution by King William, hymn for, 683.

Righteous, blessedness of them, 540. Difference between them and the wicked, see *Saints*. God, their refuge, 168. Peace and happiness, their portion, 536. Praise from them, 164. Prayer, 208. Kind regard of God to them, 254. Their reward, 535. Their ways known to God, 491.

S

Sabbath, Christian, employment of it, 10. Eternal, 9. See *Lord's Day*.

Sacrament, see *Communion*.

Sacrifice, a good life the most acceptable, 179. Contrition and penitence, approved by God, 113, 443.

Safety in God, 351, 352, 353, 355, 357, 366, 386, 681. In public diseases and dangers, 350. Of good men amidst national calamities, 356. And tranquillity, 682. See *God* and *Protection*.

Saints, approved by God, 40. Their choice, 628. Their obedience, 249. And sinners, difference between them, 530, 531. See *Righteous*.

Salvation, by Christ, and light, 236. In the gospel, 128. And hope, 238. Mercy of it celebrated, 137, 138, 139, 399, 411, 414. Deserving praise, 212. Joyful sound and welcome messengers of it, 229, 235, 414. Approaching, a motive to diligence, 593. See *Christ* and *Redemption*.

Scripture, book of nature compared with it, 128, 129, 130. Consolations derived from it, 429. Delight in it, 428.

Excellency of it, 427, 433.

Instruction from it, 425, 426.

Light and comfort from it, 434.

Light and glory of it, 435.

Privilege of access to it, and

gratitude for it, 430, 431.

Accompanied by the spirit of God, 234.

Seas, God's dominion over them, 557.

Seasons of the year, and climate of Britain, 93. Blessings of them, 99, 100, 102, 104. Praise to the God of them, 96, 97, 98. Providence of God in them, 94, 95. Devout reflection on their vicissitude, 105.

Self-Examination. See *Integrity*, *Qualifications* for heaven, and *Sincerity*.

Seed time and harvest, 102.

Shepherd, God our, 145, 146, 147, 148, 150, 152, 153, 154, 155. The good, 270.

Sickness, comfort in it and in death, 482. Devotion in it, 662. The prospect of it, and of death, 615. And recovery from it, 661, 663.

Sin, deliverance from the bondage of it, 462.

Sincerity, evidences of it, 532. And hypocrisy, 504. Devout professions of it, 447, 563.

Sinners, and saints, difference between them, and end of both, 530, 531. Their way, abhorred by God, 254. Their miserable end, 474.

Sion, ancient, 18. The church of God, 12, 17. Inquiring the way to it, 1, 319.

Society, religious, settlement of it, 675. Of the wicked, dangerous and to be avoided, 530, 531.

Sorrow, expressed in an address to God, 279.

Sovereign, the eternal, supreme and universal, 50, 52, 53,

54, 59, 172. See *God and Government*.
Spirit of God, assistance of, desired, 8, 234, 424.
Spring, blessings of it, 99. Hymn for it, 101. See *Seasons*.
Storms, God's dominion in them, 168, 556.
Submission, filial, in affliction, 334. And humility, 466, 468. And resignation, 383.
Summer, see *Seasons*.
Support, counsel and comfort from God, see *God*.
Sympathy, and benevolence, 523. And brotherly love, 513, 515. Happiness flowing from it, 524, 529. Supplanted, 211, 514.

T

Temptations of the world, 456, 586.
Transferring, see *Gratitude and Praise*.
Thirsting after God, 463.
Time, transitory duration of it, 61c. Reflections on the lapse and waste of it, 654. Wisdom of redeeming it, 594.
Trials of virtue, 382.
Trust in God, and not in man, 19, 142, 143, 144. In the unchangeable God, 261. Under affliction, 468, 469. And delight, 304. In divine goodness and succour, 237, 363. And permanent happiness, 305. God's name, a foundation for it, 318. Derived from past dispensations of Providence, 346. In the divine mercy, 333. In all places and circumstances, 391. Encouraged by the power and grace of God, 365. In the promises of God, 369. In the divine promises and perfections, 327. In divine protection, 151, 152. And resignation, founded on God's peculiar favour, 354.

And safety, 313. And salvation, 301. And submission, 280. In seasons of fear and danger, 390. In time of distress, 487. Under the trials of virtue, 382. Under trouble, 470. Divine wisdom and power a ground of it, 349. See *God, Hope, Promises, and Providence*.
Truth of God, see *God, Faithfulness, Mercy, and Promises*.

V

Vanity of the creature, 580. Of life, 607. Of man as mortal, 602, 603, 605. Of worldly good, 586.
Vice, punishment of, 541.
Victory over death, see *Death*.
Virtue, progressive, 590. Reward of it, 541. Personal virtues, 573.
Voice of God in his works, 91.
Unchangeable God, see *God*.
Unity of God, 26. Christian, 509. Of saints, 510.

W

War, in time of, 686, 689.
Warsfare, spiritual, assistance, and victory in it, 234, 578.
Watchful Christian, 597.
Winter, see *Seasons*. Reflection, 105.
Wisdom, in the formation of man, 265, 601. Of God in his works, 65. Of redeeming time, 594. Guidance of divine, supplanted, 381, 571.
Word of God, see *Scripture*.
Works of God, 62. Displaying the divine perfections and glory, 64, 69. Goodness in them, 74. Of nature, contemplation of them, 88. Praise from them, 89. Rejoicing in them, 66, 67. Voice of God in them, 91. And word of God, 129.

World,

World, creation of it, 63. Changes and revolutions of it, directed by Providence, 688. End of it, 637. Instability of its enjoyments, 582. Joys of it surrendered, 493. Mutability of it, and immutability of God, 388, 604. Temptations of it, 586.

Worship, public, 1. Acceptable, 225, 303. Attendance on it, 221. Condescension of God to it, 233. Delight in it, 2, 216. Desire of it, 215. Pleasure and benefits of it, 3, 4, 127. Privilege of it, 18. Reverential, 13, 220. Sincerity in it, 217. Opening a new place for it, 676.

Y

Year, crowned with goodness, 100, 102, 103.

Year's, new, day, hymns for it, 653, 654, 655, 656.

Young, instructed by a review of providential dispensations, 544. Instructions of piety for them, 545. Advantages of early religion, 546. Exhorted to remember their Creator, 548.

Z

Zeal, without charity, vain, 508. 511, 512. And fidelity, 574. And the influence of divine grace, supplicated, 568. Tempered by prudence, 528. Virtuous and laudable, 573. Want of it lamented, 440.

